

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's Most Powerful Romance, Next Week!

New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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HOW OLD?

BY EREN E. REXFORD

"How old are you?" A child, whose eyes
Still hold some hint of Heaven's far skies—
Some memory of the life they knew
Ere earth-life dawned upon their view,
Climbed up into my lap to say,
"How old are you?" this winter day.

Dear child, how can I answer you,
And make my answer seem most true?
For if I count my life by years,
And not by sorrow and by tears,
Then I am not so old, to-day,
As some whose youth has slipped away.

But, child, if I should count my life
By sorrow, and by bitter strife,
By tears that fell when dear ones died—
By pain of loss, and love denied,
Oh, child, with hair like morning's gold,
Then I have grown so old!—so old!

DEADLY EYE.

The Unknown Scout:

OR,
THE BRANDED BROTHERHOOD.

BY BUFFALO BILL,
THE CELEBRATED SCOUT, GUIDE, AND HUNTER—
AUTHOR.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR LIFE AND FOR LOVE.

WHEN night settled down upon the emigrant encampment, there were a number of gloomy faces around the impromptu fortifications, and many, both men and women, were sorry that they had ever left their old homes in the Eastern country to seek new ones on the frontier.

Yet, though gloomy, and dreading evil, they were none the less determined to defend their lives and families unto the bitter end, and Major Conrad was glad to see that he could depend upon his command as brave men.

At length the Indians began the attack, and warning to their work, the emigrants grew less despondent, especially after they had several times driven back their red foes with considerable loss, and with no serious result to themselves.

But on crept the weary hours of the night, and one of the teamsters, who had once been an old hunter and trapper, crept out of the camp to reconnoiter, and returned with the evil tidings that the Indians had been reinforced by a large band that had just come up.

Then followed a long season of quiet, and the emigrants felt assured that their enemies were plotting some scheme of devilment against them, and they longed more than ever for the return of the Unknown Scout.

Suddenly there was a scene of commotion in the enemy's lines, rapid firing followed, and the emigrants believed that at last, Deadly-Eye had returned and was attacking Red Dick and his villainous crew, with the band of Pawnee braves for whom he had gone in search.

But not that loud and ringing halloo was not from Indian throats, but the hearty cheer of trained soldiers, and the next moment a dark and rapidly-moving mass was seen approaching, and the stern order was heard:

"We are friends; open the barrier!"

"La Clyde! Hurrah! hurrah!" went up from the delighted emigrants, and into the encampment dashed a score of troopers with Captain Percy La Clyde at their head. Warmly were the young officer and his men welcomed, and having listened to the plan of defense adopted by Major Conrad, and stationed his troopers at advantageous positions, the dragoon commander said:

"It is a mere accident I reached you, for after my leaving your train, day before yesterday, on a scout, you changed your course to the southward."

"Yes; that traitor guide, Dick—or rather, Red Dick, as he is known in these parts—"

"What! was your guide the famous Red Dick? Now I know why he always seemed to avoid me," said Captain La Clyde, with surprise.

"Yes, he was Red Dick, the renegade leader of a band of Dog Soldier Sioux, I believe."

"Yes, they made him chief of their tribe, major; but what an escape you had, for in changing your course he was doubtless leading you into his hornets' nest."

"It is just what he was doing, and would have succeeded, had not my daughter and Howard Talbot been captured by a band of regular Sioux warriors, and rescued by Deadly-Eye, the Unknown Scout, who informed us of the character of our guide."

"Major Conrad, you surprise me, Miss Sibyl captured, and also Howard Talbot?"

"Yes, captain; they had ridden ahead to look up a camping-ground, and—"

"And were captured by Sioux Indians?"

"Yes; five warriors, and four of them the Unknown Scout killed in rescuing Talbot and Sibyl."

"Strange indeed; and he it was who told you of the character of Red Dick?"

"Yes, he exposed the man publicly, and they could have had a knife encounter in camp, had not Sibyl interfered, and then the Scout drove the guide from the encampment,



A dark form gilded forth from the foliage bordering the trail, and stood directly in the pathway of the horseman.

and an hour after Red Dick returned at the head of his Dog Soldiers."

"And what became of the Scout, major?"

"He swam the river, and ran the gantlet of the Indian line most gallantly, that he might seek some friendly Indians and bring them to our aid."

"Major, I am more and more surprised, for let me tell you that the fellow they call Deadly-Eye does not stand well in military circles, as he puts at defiance both officers and soldiers, and some months ago ruthlessly shot down three soldiers who had been sent to arrest him for violating some order. But he has certainly served you well, and I have heard of a number of his noble deeds, and cannot easily connect them with other acts he is reported guilty of; but how are the ladies, major?"

"Stout-hearted as are the men; but come, we will go and see them, captain."

Leading the way, Major Conrad conducted the young officer toward the large ravine running back from the river, and here a motley sight met their gaze, for the women and children were huddled together in the bottom of the gulch, around several bright fires, and further down were closely packed the horses and cattle belonging to the train.

"Why, they are all as snug as bugs in a rug, major," laughed Captain La Clyde, and as the firelight fell full upon him, it displayed his handsome, graceful form, a little under six feet in height, and compactly built.

His face was exceedingly youthful, beardless, and the features handsome, the mouth and dark blue eyes indicating courage and determination.

Clad in the uniform of a captain of cavalry, and with his brown curling hair worn long, and a slouch hat and ostrich plume shading his face, Captain Percy La Clyde looked just what he was, a dashing, handsome, daring soldier, generous to a fault, and ever true in both love and hatred.

The only child of wealthy parents, he had preferred to lead a military life to one of idleness and dissipation, and after a successful career at West Point, had been ordered to the frontier, where he rapidly ascended the ladder of promotion on account of his courage and skill as an officer.

Four days before the caravan reached their encampment on the river, Captain La Clyde had joined them by order of the commandant of Fort Hays, to serve as an escort to the emigrants, and a guard, until they were securely settled in their frontier homes, and a most

pleasant duty had the young officer found that he was detailed upon, for he had fallen desperately in love with Sibyl Conrad, and felt that she was the bright star that was to guide his future destiny.

Bounding down into the ravine, he found a cordial welcome from all; but a shade swept over his face as he beheld Howard Talbot by the side of the maiden he loved.

Percy La Clyde had watched with jealous eye the regard of his rival for Sibyl, and in spite of the many seeming noble qualities possessed by the young man, and his almost universal popularity, he could not like him, and felt for him a distrust he could not overcome.

But then, this might have been on account of his jealous nature, for jealousy always exerts an evil influence upon the person of whom it takes possession.

Yet Sibyl greeted him in a friendly way, and so did Ruth Whitfield, who had always exhibited a warm regard for the young soldier.

After a few words of comfort and hope to those around him, Percy La Clyde said:

"Well, ladies, we must now leave you, for every man must be at his post," and he looked toward Howard Talbot as he spoke; but that young man smiled sweetly, and replied:

"So I think, captain, and should the enemy seek to enter this ravine, I will defend it with my life, for I am stationed here to watch the river approach."

"You cannot see even the water, sir, from your present position; so I would advise that you do a sentinel's duty, as long as you represent one," and Captain La Clyde turned away, while Howard Talbot's face flushed with anger, and Sibyl felt that a storm was brewing, and that she was innocently the cause; but, with a sigh, she consoled herself with the thought that she could not love everybody that loved her, and turned her thoughts upon another, one who was not then in the encampment, but whose return she confidently expected, for her faith in the promise of the Unknown Scout was unbroken.

Returning to the line of fortifications, Major Conrad and Captain La Clyde were surprised and startled by the sound of conflict going on in the enemy's lines, and for which they could not account, unless that the Unknown Scout had returned; but after a moment's attention to the sound, the young officer remarked:

"As I live, they are fighting among themselves—or pretending to, to put us off our guard."

Then all was silent once more, and slowly dragged the moments away, until Major Conrad began to nod with sleep, and feeling anxious about the river front, Percy La Clyde cautiously crept there and reconnoitered.

At first he believed all quiet and safe, but then his quick eye caught sight of a dark mass upon the water.

Closely he watched it, and saw it slowly moving down upon the point near which he stood.

Bounding into the ravine, he startled Howard Talbot, who still remained by the side of Sibyl, with:

"Be good enough to request Major Conrad to send me thirty men to this point at once; but to create no alarm."

Howard Talbot was off at once to obey the order, although he did not like the tone in which the order had been given; still he felt he had been negligent of his duty, and wished to repair it all in his power.

Ere five minutes had passed the men arrived, headed by Major Conrad, and Captain La Clyde remarked, quietly:

"We are to be attacked by water, it seems; but we have greatly the advantage, so I will only keep my troopers with me, major, and you can return with the remainder of the men, as the attack will doubtless be made at more than this point; and, major, as there is no need of a sentinel here now, perhaps you can find some duty for Mr. Talbot."

Major Conrad and his men returned to their posts, and Captain La Clyde was about to give the order to fire, when all were startled by the discharge of the Branded Brotherhood, which leveled so many of the Dog Soldiers to the ground.

"By Heaven! we have friends near, when we little dreamed of it. Ha! it must be the Unknown Scout, who has kept his word. Ready, men; fire!"

After the order of the young officer, the troopers poured in a rapid fire with their repeating rifles, and Red Dick and his men found themselves under two fires, until, in dismay, they broke and rushed for safety into the river, as soon as the Indian warrior arrived with the news of the massacre of their companions.

Unable to account for the turn in their favor, or why, if friends, they did not make themselves known, Captain La Clyde was about to go outside the fortifications for the purpose of discovery, when he observed a dark form crawling toward the water, and springing down the embankment, he seized him in his powerful arms, and dragged him back.

It was no Indian warrior, with a broken leg, and otherwise wounded; but, speaking the

Sioux tongue fluently, the captain soon learned from him that Ricardo and his Branded Brotherhood were surrounding their encampment, and the treachery of the outlaw chief toward his red allies was also related.

"Well, it is dog eat dog, that's certain. Now that we have Ricardo and his band to fight, we must indeed defend more than our lives," and Percy La Clyde's brow grew dark with dread, for he well knew the desperate courage of the Branded Brotherhood, and the awful fate that would fall upon poor Sibyl and the others, if taken.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEADLY-EYE TO THE RESCUE.

FULLY acquainted with the plan of Ricardo, after his treachery to Red Dick, Captain La Clyde went rapidly around the line and quietly told the men whom they were to fight as their foe, and begged them to steel their hearts against any thought of mercy, and to never yield one inch of ground, for the motto of the Branded Brotherhood was that men must die, and beauty and booty be considered lawful prizes.

Hardly had the young officer made the circuit, when a dark mass of moving horsemen was seen approaching, and a clear voice hailed:

"Well! what would you?" answered Percy La Clyde.

"We have defeated your enemies, and would warn you that we are friends, that you might not fire upon us," replied the same voice that hailed.

"We know no friends in the dark; if you are such as you represent, camp on the river until daylight; if you are enemies, we are ready for you," coolly shouted back Captain La Clyde.

"Charge!" was then yelled forth in the commanding voice of Ricardo, and like a fiery whirlwind the band of outlaw horsemen swept down upon the devoted defenders of the train.

"Throw no shots away, men! Fire!" cried Percy La Clyde, and a line of flame flashed forth from the wagons, and several of the Brotherhood and their horses went down; but from some cause or other the aim of the emigrants had been untrue, and the outlaws pressed fiercely on, filling the air with their discordant cries, every man yelling in his native tongue, until it seemed as if the very floods from below had burst forth for a gala night.

"Men, be cool; there are devils upon you now, and your aim must be true; you must kill, or all is lost," rung out in the clear tones of Captain La Clyde and Major Conrad; and Howard Talbot, who had thrown off his air of indifference and nobly come to the front, also encouraged the men with voice and gesture.

Then rolled forth a ceaseless roar of firearms, the heavy rush of iron hoofs was heard, and the confused shouts of many voices filled the air, until it seemed the grove was filled with a band of devils holding high carnival.

But unchecked, and with desperate daring and determination, the Brotherhood came on until they dashed their horses against the very line of breastworks, and then their weapons began to tell upon the emigrants, who broke from the fierce fire and fell back, to the horror of Percy La Clyde, who called forth in trumpet voice, "Troopers! rally around your commander! Steady now! charge!"

Gallantly the soldiers did rally around their officer, and dashed forward with him to cover the ground lost by the emigrants; but already had Ricardo bounded on horseback over the barrier, and, followed by a dozen of his daring horsemen, dashed at once upon the dismounted troopers, who, in vain attempt to check his mad career, fell beneath the iron hoofs of the outlaws' horses.

"My God! it cannot be that all is lost!" cried Percy La Clyde, in dread, and then, drawing his sword, he shouted:

"Troopers, come on! Men, they are but a handful of murdering thieves; follow me, and drive them back!"

In vain his gallant example and clear commands.

In vain the orders of Major Conrad, who, in a frenzy, strove to stay the torrent of defeat.

In vain the conspicuous courage of Howard Talbot.

Useless the stern discipline and bravery of the troopers; all, all was useless, for from some unaccountable reason, never understood, a panic had seized upon the settlers, brave men though they were, fighting for all they held dear on earth; rapidly they gave ground until two-score of the outlaws had secured a footing within the inclosure, and by the light of the waning moon, which made all around visible, Ricardo was forming his men for a desperate and final charge.

Then his clear voice was heard giving his stern orders, but ere they could be obeyed, there was heard a wild and prolonged war-whoop that made the blood of all who heard it turn cold with dread, and then upon the moonlit scene dashed a single horseman, bounding over the barrier and whirling suddenly into the very midst of the band of outlaws.

"My God! the Unknown Scout!"

"Deadly-Eye!"

"The Scout, and alone!"

Such were the cries that were heard, as with lightning rapidity the daring horseman, with a revolver in each hand, made his shots ring forth with telling effect.

"Not alone! hark!" cried a voice, and a rolling sound like muffled thunder was heard upon the prairie, and again the wild war-whoop of the Unknown Scout broke forth, and was answered from two-score throats by three hearty cheers.

"The troopers! the troopers!" shouted the outlaws, and hastily they turned to fly. Ricardo, with a bitter curse, first spurring toward the Unknown Scout, who wheeled to meet him.

But, as if thinking better of his intention, the outlaw chief suddenly checked his pace, and heading his splendid gray for the barrier, took it with a flying leap and disappeared in pursuit of his men.

Instantly Deadly-Eye followed him, and the two were soon lost to sight upon the prairie in the opposite direction to that from which the cavalry squadron was approaching.

A moment more and they dashed up, headed by Major Belden, one of the senior officers at the fort.

"Major, I greet you; but though too late to join in the fun, you have scared off the enemy," and Percy La Clyde stepped forward and addressed Ernest Belden, a soldierly-looking man of forty, with a handsome, but dark, sinister face.

"Who were your foes, La Clyde?" asked the officer.

"We have had two sets, major; first the Dog Soldier Sioux, under that desperado, Red Dick, and then none other than Ricardo and his desperate band."

"A hard lot indeed, and you have been most fortunate to escape them, and I am glad to see that that reckless Scout told me the truth; but where has he gone?" and the major turned to look for Deadly-Eye.

"Gone like mad after the outlaw chief; but will we not give pursuit, major?"

"No, Captain La Clyde, it would be useless, and I am now destined upon a raid upon the Sioux villages to the northward; so will leave you as soon as day breaks, which will be soon."

A short while longer the conversation continued, and then Captain La Clyde presented his superior to Major Conrad, and also to the ladies, who approached at that moment, and he could not but mark the start of surprised admiration that the major gave when he beheld the beauty of Sibyl Conrad.

Then followed the melancholy duty of caring for the wounded, and burying the dead, until, when the sun arose, it lighted up a sad scene, and the sound of the living wailing for those dear to them, who had fallen, filled the air.

After a hasty breakfast, Major Belden and his troopers departed, leaving Captain La Clyde, as before, to be an escort to the train. Hardly had the forms of the squadron disappeared over a roll in the prairie, when up dashed the Unknown Scout, his horse covered with foam, and showing every indication of a hard ride, as did also his rider, for his face was pale and wore a look of fatigue.

Yet his voice was calm and pleasant, as he replied, in acknowledgment to the cheers that greeted him:

"I thank you, comrades; but I was almost too late, as I had far to ride ere I found aid for you, as the Pawnees had left their hunting grounds; fortunately I met Major Belden, and he was willing to believe me, and come to your succor."

Dismounting, Deadly-Eye devoted himself to the care of his horse, and then, after partaking of a hearty breakfast which Sibyl had prepared for him, threw himself down to rest, and at once was lost in deep and refreshing slumber, while Major Conrad and Captain La Clyde set about their arrangements for continuing their way on the following morning, for they were anxious to get settled in the spot that was to be the new home of the emigrants.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING AND DISCOVERY.

With the first glimmer of light in the eastern skies, the settlers were astir, and the bugle call of the troopers pierced through the mists.

The Unknown Scout and Prairie Gull appeared to have fully recovered from their hard trip of the past few days, and Deadly-Eye was ever on hand to render the slightest service to Sibyl, or any one else who desired his kind offices.

Between Captain La Clyde and the Unknown Scout a warm friendship had sprung up; for no longer did the young officer appear to have any doubts regarding the noble character of the man whom, in the past, he had both praised and abused.

As regarded Sibyl, she certainly exhibited a most kindly interest in the mysterious rover of the prairies, and with bitter sarcasm for lips so sweet, replied to Howard Talbot's derogatory remarks regarding the man who had certainly served them all so well.

But the fact is, Howard Talbot was deeply in love with Sibyl, and noticing that she most kindly regarded the man whose life was a romance and a mystery, he felt that he had a dangerous rival, and was determined not to yield one atom of any claim he held upon the affection of Sibyl Conrad.

Then again, Ruth Whitfield exhibited a sudden and marked interest in the unknown prairie-man; seemed most anxious to be ever near him, and a shadow would cross her brow whenever Deadly-Eye would turn, with one of his fascinating smiles, and address her lively cousin, for Ruth had a fierce and jealous nature, and could look only unkindly upon one who crossed her path in rivalry.

Thus were matters taking a stormy turn and threatening squally weather for those concerned, for Percy La Clyde was jealous of Howard Talbot, who in turn hated the young officer, but was jealous of the Unknown Scout, in whom both Sibyl and Ruth were more deeply interested than they would admit even to their own hearts.

At length the sun arose beyond the prairie, and slowly the long train of wagons filed out from the mists, and here and there a party on horseback, and took up their march further on toward the setting sun, leaving behind them, within their narrow beds of clay, those who had fallen in the battle the night before.

At the head of the train rode a small cavalcade, consisting of Deadly-Eye, Percy La Clyde, Major Conrad, and the troopers.

The Unknown Scout was acting as a guide for the emigrants toward a point where, he informed them, was one of the most fertile districts on the plains, well watered, and where a settlement would have every advantage that could be found on the frontier.

When Howard Talbot heard Deadly-Eye speak of the point he considered most favorable as a settlement, he instantly remarked that he intended riding on ahead for half a mile.

Arriving himself thoroughly, and declining Gerald Conrad's offer to accompany him, the young pioneer set off, at first keeping only a

short distance ahead, but gradually drawing away from the train, until, when the noonday halt was made, he was nowhere visible upon the prairie.

As if fully acquainted with the country, he put his horse at a rapid gallop, and continued on for miles, until a higher roll in the prairie gave him a view of the river through the green trees of a prairie island.

Toward this point he directed his course until he found himself upon a peninsula, made by the river making a grand curve.

On this point of land, entirely surrounded by water, excepting where it touched the open prairie, had been the home of Alfred Carter, who the night before had been so ruthlessly murdered by the Branded Brotherhood.

A more delightful place could not have been chosen for a settlement, for the point, or peninsula, contained fully five thousand acres of land, of the richest kind of soil, with here and there large timber mottes, and the river bounding it upon three sides, while to the eastward stretched the unbroken prairie for miles, to serve as a luxuriant pasture for stock.

As Howard Talbot rode along the trail leading toward the humble cabin home upon the river-bank, his brow wore a troubled look, and he glanced nervously around him.

Nearer and nearer he drew toward the cabin, but no lazy wreath of blue smoke curled up above the tree-tops, and all seemed strangely desolate around him.

Presently a dark form glided forth from the foliage bordering the trail, and stood directly in the pathway of the horseman, who suddenly reined his steed back with iron grasp as his eyes fell upon the person.

"Red Bud of the Forest, what do you here near the lonely home of the pale-face hunter?" said Howard Talbot, speaking in the language of the Pawnees.

"The Red Bud is a free child of the woods; she asks not the false pale-face brave whether she can go," he haughtily replied the Indian girl.

"The Red Bud turns her eyes with anger upon me; have I offended her?"

"Yes; the Many-Faces has spoken with false tongue to the Red Bud of the Forest. Ere Many-Faces came to the wigwam of the Red Bud, she sung like a bird in the woods, and her heart was like the silver river; her sorrows were light, only falling upon her as softly as the autumn leaves kiss the ground. But Many-Faces took away the joy of the Red Bud, and the wind sighs nightly in her heart. The Great Spirit frowns at the child of the woods, and the heart of the Indian maid is breaking, and the snow of winter will rest upon her bosom. Many-Faces has a false tongue, and a false light in his eyes, for he told the Red Bud he loved her; he took her from the wigwam of her people, and then left her alone to die. But the Great Spirit would not let her die then, but when she was worn down with hunger, when her feet would not press the earth, and the enemy of her people, the Sioux, would have danced around her scalp, the great white chief, who rides like the prairie whirlwind, and whose eye ever looks death upon his foes, rescued her from her enemies and carried her back to her tribe."

"Was it the Unknown Scout that saved your life, girl?"

"Red Bud has spoken the truth; her tongue is not crooked; it was the stranger Scout that carried her back to the Pawnee village, and he it was that told her that Many-Faces loved a maiden here by the running waters."

"Curses on that Scout! Did you come here to see that maiden?" said Howard Talbot, harshly.

"Red Bud has seen the Rose of the Woodland, and told her not to love Many-Faces."

"By Heaven, girl, you shall die for that!" cried the now aroused man, and he attempted to draw a pistol from his belt; but ere he could do so, Red Bud had unsling a rifle from her back, and covered him with deadly aim.

"Let not the Many-Faces seek to slay the Pawnee girl, for she would not die by his hand. Her heart is broken, but she will not harm the pale-face chief who broke it. Let him go, and never cross the path of the Forest Red Bud more. Go; the Red Bud bids him go."

Still holding her aim upon his heart, the look of the brave girl proved she would kill him did he hesitate, and with a bitter curse Howard Talbot drove the spurs into the flanks of his horse and dashed away, leaving Red Bud watching him until he was out of sight.

A rapid ride of five minutes brought Howard Talbot to the cabin door of Alfred Carter; but oh! what a scene met his gaze!

Here and there were scattered numerous pieces of furniture and household effects; the strong door was broken from its hinges, and a scene of desolation was upon all, while blood-stains were upon the floor and ground.

There lay the body of the faithful watchdog, who had died at his post, and a few chickens were roaming disconsolately about. But nowhere visible were the occupants of the cabin, and the face of Howard Talbot turned pale with dread, as he quickly followed the trail where some heavy objects had been dragged, and a walk of a few hundred yards brought him to a thicket of small timber upon the river-bank, and there he beheld three new-made graves side by side.

"My God! Alfred Carter and all his family gone! No, there are but three graves, and they numbered four."

"Yes; Mrs. Carter, Rose, and her brother, lie here, and the father has escaped; or maybe the father lies here, and Rose has been carried off into captivity. A sad, sad fate, poor girl; but yet it were better so, and death has saved me a world of trouble, for I wish not two women as rivals in the same settlement. Well, it cannot be helped, and now I am free to marry Sibyl Conrad, if that accused Scout does not stand between us, and if he does, I must crush him."

With a hard look upon his handsome face, Howard Talbot returned to the cabin, glanced carefully around among the rubbish for a while, and then mounting his horse, rode rapidly away, and making a wide circuit upon the prairie, overtook the wagon-train just as it went into camp for the night, on the edge of the peninsula.

Riding on ahead, the Unknown Scout, accompanied by both Sibyl and Ruth, soon came upon the deserted and desolate cabin home of Alfred Carter, and with a cry of alarm, Deadly-Eye sprang from his horse and entered the little hut.

"All, all gone! In God's name, who has done this foul deed? By the blue heavens above us, I swear that they shall rue this accused act!"

Never before had the cousins seen Deadly-Eye in any way moved by excitement; but now the look upon his face was terrible, and they almost feared him.

But controlling himself instantly, he said, quietly:

"Miss Conrad, it is due to both yourself and Miss Whitfield that I make known to you the

deed done here. In this cabin home dwelt a man by the name of Alfred Carter, and with him his wife, his daughter Rose—a beautiful girl—and his son. They had not an enemy in the world that I knew of; but, see here, what a heinous deed has been committed!"

Following the same trail that Howard Talbot had, Deadly-Eye soon came to the graves, and then, after examining most carefully the tracks and trails around, as well as he could in the dying light of day, he returned with the maidens to the encampment, and held a long conversation with Major Conrad and Captain La Clyde, who just then came up from a scout with his men.

"Major Conrad, this is the point I have deemed most favorable for my settlement," said Deadly-Eye, at the conclusion of his talk regarding the massacre of the Carter family. "Here you will have every advantage, and be well protected by the river, as you will see in the morning. And I would advise that you at once set about building a stockade fort and wall across this end of the point, and the river, being wide and deep, will protect you upon the three other sides. In a few days I will return and aid you all in my power; but as soon as the moon rises, I will take the trail of the hell-hounds who have brought ruin upon the peaceful family who dwell here."

The Unknown Scout was as good as his word, for as soon as the moon arose and lighted up the prairie, he left the sleeping camp, and struck off over the level plains, slowly following the trail of Ricardo and his band, after their deadly crime against poor Alfred Carter.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 287.)

Idaho Tom,

THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND;
OR,
The Hunters of the Wild West.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "RED ROB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DANGER AHEAD.

THE sun had just crossed the meridian when five persons appeared on the south-eastern shore of Silver Bay, and, pausing, swept the glassy sheet before them with an admiring, enthusiastic gaze.

They were our young friends—the heroes of the Wolf-Herder's ranch—the Boy Hunters. "For the first time I behold the wonderful Tahoe!" exclaimed Frank, with a flourish of his hand.

"Mother ay Moses, and isn't she a rare beauty, though?" added Billy Brown, his eyes distending with delight.

"Magnificent—grand!" put in Perry, his whole face beaming with a smile of admiration.

"Oh, me love! and it's a perfect swate darlint of a little duck-pond," again gushed the irrepressible William Brady.

"Over yonder you can see that floating island, and of which I have been tellin' you," said Wild Dick.

"I see an island, but one would naturally suppose it was stationary—a natural island."

"There's no wind to move it now, but by to-morrow morning, or even by night, it may be rods from where it now is."

"There's something queer as well as romantic about the island."

"I've always said so, Frank," responded Wild Dick, "but how would you like a row out on the bottom of Tahoe?"

"I would like it very much indeed, if we only had a canoe."

"There's an old leaky concern around here a little ways. After awhile we'll take a row in that, for I want to show you something else—the men that inhabit this lake like fish—actually live in the water and walk about upon the bottom of the lake as you and I walk upon the earth."

"Preposterous, Dick," said Frank.

"Well, we'll see," was the Boy Hunter's good-natured response.

They moved around the lake-shore until they came to where the canoe, spoken of by Dick, was concealed under some trailing willows.

It was a crazy old affair, dangerous for more than two to venture out in; but Wild Dick was so anxious to convince Frank of the truth of what he had been telling him, that these two youths at once embarked in the craft, leaving the other three to await their return.

As they glided out upon the deep, young Casleton became enraptured with the almost ethereal beauty of the element beneath them. He leaned over the side of the boat and gazed steadily down into its transparent depths.

"Over yonder, glorious, Dick!" he cried, enthusiastically. "I have often heard of the clearness of Tahoe's waters, but could not fully credit the report. Now I find it even more grand than I had anticipated. This lake is a wonderful freak of nature, Dick."

"Yes, it is, Frank; but now look out. It was right about here that I seen them critters two weeks ago."

Frank kept a close watch down in the deep. Dick paddled hither and thither, all the while working well in toward the floating island which, for the time being, had been forgotten by Frank.

Suddenly the latter started up with an exclamation of surprise.

"There, by heaven!" he cried.

"See 'em?" was the cool interrogation of Dick.

"I see something as true as I can see at all; and, by heavens! it's a man—a living being—walking upon the bottom of the lake. He is dressed in a queer sort of armor."

Wild Dick ceased paddling, and leaning over the side of the boat gazed down into the deep, and there upon the lake saw what Frank did.

The water at this point was not over twenty feet deep, and there could be no mistake as to what they saw. Upon the rocky bed of the bay stood a living man, or a creature so nearly resembling a man clad in armor, that the youths felt satisfied that it was a human being possessed of some supernatural power.

The strange creature, whatever it was, seemed fully cognizant of the attention it attracted. It stopped, and raising its face upward stared at them with its great, glassy eyes until a feeling of horrible fascination appeared to fix the gaze and hold the tongues of the two boys.

It was a mystery far beyond the comprehension of the young hunters; and while they sat contemplating the same, a faint call reached their ears.

Both started up and involuntarily glanced toward the island. A cry of surprise burst from each one's lips. On the southern extremity they saw a young girl standing, waving a white handkerchief above her head.

They were not over a hundred yards from her, and could easily see that she was looking toward them and gesticulating in a manner that denoted excitement.

"What does it mean?" Each of the youths asked himself the question while he sat with his eyes fixed upon the female form on the island.

A fascination about the girl held the youths enchanted. She was dressed in a robe of sky-blue material which contrasted well with her white throat and rosy cheeks. Her long hair hung loose at her back and floated out on the breeze like silken skeins of gossamer.

In one hand she held the handkerchief that she had been waving, and in the other a small field-glass.

"Look! you are in danger!" she suddenly cried, in a clear, distinct voice, at the same time pointing away toward the peninsula that barely separated the bay from the lake.

The boys looked in the direction indicated, and saw a canoe, with three Indians in it, coming over the strait toward them. It was not over two hundred yards away, and two of the savages were already getting their rifles into the positions for immediate use.

Dick seized the paddle with a view of putting distance between them and the foe, for the youths had left their rifles in care of their friends, and they were in a manner defenseless; but the first stroke was vigorous, and the old paddle went whizzing in two, and the boys were left helpless and at the mercy of the approaching enemies; while the wind was driving them nearer and nearer the menacing danger.

"By Jerusalem, Frank! we're in a pickle," cried Dick. "We've got to jump out of this and swim for it, or die."

"Shall we make for the island?"

"Not by any means, Frank. That girl may be a siren luring us on still deeper into danger under pretense of—"

"I cannot think so, Dick," interrupted Frank. "She looks too much like an angel for that; but, suppose we try to escape ashore, will the foe not head us off?"

"The long-ranged rifles of our friends will cover our retreat."

"Then, go ahead, Dick, and I will follow you, though I perish in the attempt."

Dick sprang overboard and struck boldly out for the shore, swimming on his back. Frank arose to his feet and was about to follow, when a savage rifle rung out sharply over the water. A cry burst from the youth's lips; he threw up his hands, and, staggering, fell backward into the lake—stricken down by a savage bullet!

CHAPTER XIX.

ZOE TO THE RESCUE.

WILD DICK knew nothing of his friend's mishap. The surge of the water around him as his little form cut its way through the element, drowned the report of the savage's rifle, and, supposing that Frank was close behind him, he pushed rapidly on toward the shore.

Frank's friends saw him fall from the canoe, but they were not the only ones. The maid upon the island also saw him stricken down. She had seen the paddle snap in two in Dick's hands, and at once read the peril of their situation. To relieve them was her first thought.

To spring into a canoe moored in a little cove in the side of the island, take up the paddle and send the light craft skimming out into the bay, occupied the brief space of a few moments.

A few vigorous strokes of the paddle carried her alongside of the wounded, struggling youth. With an almost superhuman effort, in which she was but slightly aided by the youth himself, she succeeded in dragging him into the canoe, at the imminent peril of upsetting the craft.

Then the brave little heroine paddled back to the island, on whose shore she was met by three armed men, whose rifles had covered her retreat.

Two of the men were middle-aged, while the third was past fifty.

A look of regret clouded the old man's face, as he gazed upon the unconscious youth in the canoe.

"Is he dead, Zoe?" he asked.

"No, father; I think he is only wounded," replied the maiden, in a tremulous voice, her eyes filling with tears.

The two young men lifted the form of the boy from the canoe, and carried him into a tent upon the island. Placing him upon a cot there, they turned and went out.

"I'm afraid it's all up with him, Hubert," one of them said to the old man, whom they met at the door.

Hubert Leland went into the tent, and kneeling by the youth, examined his pulse. Then he searched for his wound.

"Is he dead, father?" eagerly inquired Zoe, who stood in the doorway, breathlessly awaiting her father's decision.

"Dead—no, child; far from it. His wound is but a mere scratch upon the temple. But he is the worse of his struggle in the water. Another minute and he would have been dead by drowning. Daughter, bring me some brandy and a suit of the boy's clothes, and I will soon have him afoot."

With a joyous light beaming upon her face, the bright-eyed Zoe hastened to obey the demand. The stimulant was soon brought and administered. The youth was then turned upon his face, and by continual pressure upon the back and sides, the water was ejected from his lungs. Signs of returning consciousness were soon manifest.

When he had done all he could, Hubert Leland arranged him in a comfortable position and went out to await that result which only time could effect.

Hubert Leland was a man of a naturally grave, yet pleasant demeanor. Tall and commanding in form, with a calmness in his tone, a strange intelligence in his steel-gray eyes, it was evident that in him great force of character and precision of mind were strongly predominant.

His companions, who answered to the names of Silas Jamison and Theodore Roberts, betrayed by their looks that they were honest, kind-hearted men.

"How is he, father?" inquired Zoe, when he came out of the tent.

"He is being punished for being inquisitive," the old man replied, solemnly.

"He will live, then?" asked Roberts.

"Yes, but he will doubtless suffer. Were he not a boy, I would feel sore toward him. But his youth will excuse him. He is a fine, manly-looking fellow, brave and fearless to a fault, I dare say. Perhaps we may be able to enlist him in our service, and thereby involve him in our secrets. But our surrounding situation—how is that?"

"The savages have disappeared, and not a sign of life is visible on the bay or along the shore, father," replied Zoe. "But you can hear firing going on out among the hills to the southward of the bay."

"The red skins have gone ashore and got into a fight with this boy's friends," said Jamison, "and we may be involved in trouble now."

"The red heathens know better than to venture within gunshot of us," declared Leland; "therefore we might resume our work, boys. And Zoe, you will not fail to keep your watch on all sides. If the youth should recover, he will doubtless be very curious about his situation. You know your duty, daughter."

"Certainly, father," responded the maiden. Having thus cautioned his daughter, Hubert Leland and his male friends advanced to the interior of the island and entered a large quadrangular tent whose covering was of heavy oil cloth.

Zoe scanned the surrounding shores, and having made certain that no enemy was in sight, she turned and on tiptoe stole into the tent where Frank Casleton lay. This tent was large and strongly constructed. Of the half-dozen that stood around it upon the island, half hidden beneath vines and bushes, it seemed to be the main dwelling, or sitting-room, of the little party. It was furnished and fitted up with that peculiar air of neatness and comfort which only the deft fingers of woman can impart to the arrangements of a household.

In one corner, on a kind of a shelf, were a number of books. A guitar, several pictures and a bouquet of beautiful flowers contributed their sweetness and magical influence to the apartment. In addition to these, a rosewood clock ticked the hours away.

Zoe sat down by the side of the seemingly unconscious youth, and gazed upon his handsome face with a mingled expression of pity and admiration beaming in her soft eyes. She knew no impropriety in going alone into the tent. She was young and unsophisticated in the ways of the world. Her motives, like her heart, were the purest of the pure. She felt an interest in the young stranger which was but the inspiration of a kind and generous soul—the offspring of a heart untrammelled by care or the weight of human sin.

Zoe Leland was a beautiful creature, just budding into womanhood. She was lithe in form, yet molded with all the grace of health and beauty nourished by unalloyed happiness. Her features were of the rarest type of female loveliness, wearing an air of queenly grace and modesty, and at the same time partaking much of her father's force of character and decision of mind.

As before stated, she was dressed in a sky-blue robe, girded at the waist with a delicate white ribbon. Her golden hair was gathered back from her brow and temples, and permitted to flow like a silken mass down her back. She wore but a single jewel—a diamond ring of great value and exceeding brilliancy.

Thus appeared Zoe Leland, the Lady of the Isle, as Idaho Tom addressed her—a rare flower, there blooming alone, and "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," as it were. And why?—who can tell!

For a moment or two Zoe lingered by the bedside of the young hunter; then she rose, and going out, seated herself under the shade of a manzanita, where she could command a view of the whole bay, and the surrounding shores.

No sooner, however, was her face turned away from Frank, than the youth's eyes opened and followed the retreating form with a gaze that seemed eager with admiration.

CHAPTER XX.

A RAPID CONVALESCENCE.

FRANK CASELTON had recovered consciousness before Zoe visited him, but had feigned sleep while she was there—not through any want of honor or true manly spirit, but from that physical impulse which often compels one to do things independent of the mind's volition.

Frank felt vexed at his own conduct, but excused himself on the grounds of an excited mind and uneasy nerve.

As soon, however, as Zoe went out, he rose to a sitting posture and gazed around him like one bewildered. He was not a little surprised at the elegance of his surroundings—an elegance and comfort that betokened education and refinement. The tick of the clock before him sounded so familiar, so homelike, that it revived vivid thoughts in his mind and forced a film of moisture to his eyes.

Still suffering from the effects of his late adventure, he experienced a nauseating sickness at the stomach, and a dull, painful dizziness of the brain. With some effort he staggered to his feet

"It is very beautiful," she finally remarked, glancing out over the lake and along the shores.

A minute of silence followed, then Frank said:

"I do wonder if my friend escaped ashore?" "I think he did. I heard a sharp firing going on over yonder among the hills soon after I landed with you here, and I presume your friends, of whom I know there are four or five, were engaged with the enemy."

"If I could only get ashore, I would hunt them up, and intrude upon your hospitality," the youth said, thoughtfully.

"I am sure, Frank Cusleton, your presence here is not obtrusive. Rest assured of being among friends."

Frank's heart gave a great bound and a feeling, far stronger than admiration, arose in his heart for the beautiful maiden. And Zoe must have noticed it in his clear, brown eyes, for her long silken lashes drooped shyly as she toyed thoughtlessly with a leaf plucked from the bush whose graceful boughs protected her from the sun's hot tide.

Frank had construed her words of kind assurance into a modest invitation to remain upon the island. He flattered himself that she felt pleased with his company.

The two lingered an hour or more under the cool shade of the manzanita, then Zoe arose and tripped lightly as a happy school-girl away to her tent.

Frank arose and sauntered leisurely about the island, noting the peculiar construction of the floating mass.

The island must have been about eighty feet long by half that number in breadth. A narrow channel or cove cut the whole half across its width. It was about ten feet wide, and had evidently been intended as a kind of a harbor for the protection of canoes, as several light crafts were resting there.

The foundation of the island was of logs fastened securely together. These were covered with a layer of the rich, alluvial deposits of soil taken from the adjacent valley; and in this was growing a perfect forest of shrubbery transplanted there by the hand of man. Aquatic plants and vines had been planted around the edge of the island, and now trailed their green festoonery in the crystal waves. Here and there was a framework of poles, or a tent embowered with a fleece of wild ivy or cucumber. Flowers of the brightest hue and sweetest fragrance flourished under the culture of the lovely Zoe's hand. Altogether it was an island that rivalled in beauty the famed flower-covered chinampas which adorned the Mexican lakes in the days of the Aztec empire, or the floating gardens of the lake of Cashmere.

Frank did not allow his curiosity to lead into impertinent inquiry in his stroll about the little spot. He regarded each object with but a passing indifference. There was one large, square tent, however, that he came to regard with some inward curiosity. It was carefully closed all around, but, for the fact that he caught the sound of plashing water within it, and saw the dim outlines of a man through the walls, he would have thought nothing strange about it.

In walking around, Frank passed another tent in which were a number of rifles and other weapons of defense. In still another was a small "emigrant stove" and cooking utensils. There was another tent upon a slight elevation surrounded with brushwood and vines, which guarded the approach to the door. This was evidently a secret apartment seldom used.

The inhabitants of the island appeared to be well provided against the contingency of a siege, and yet betrayed an indifference that was not consistent with their surrounding dangers.

An hour before sunset the three men came out of the large, square tent, their faces wearing a look of care and anxiety. They were surprised to see Frank out, yet listened with apparent joy to the youth's own story of his speedy recovery, and at once entered into a guarded conversation with him.

Their intercourse was finally interrupted by Zoe, who announced supper ready.

Frank was invited to the board of the islanders, and accepted the invitation.

Hubert Leland asked the blessing when they had all gathered around the board. The deep, solemn earnestness in his full, strong voice, appealed directly to Frank's young heart, and plunged him still deeper in mental speculation as to the avocation of these people.

After supper, the evening, until bed-time, was spent in conversation; but the men were so guarded in their remarks that Frank could not gain the slightest clue to the mystery in which their secluded life involved them.

At length he was assigned a couch in an unoccupied tent, adjacent to the large one occupied by the three men during the day. He had lain long enough to wear out any ordinary wakefulness, but the fate of his companions, and the bright eyes of the lovely Zoe, kept his mind busy, and banished sleep.

He was suddenly started by a sharp, metallic clicking in the large tent near. He arose to a sitting posture and listened. The clicking was continued. It was that of a telegraphic battery. Frank knew this, for, as before stated, he was an operator himself by occupation.

The youth strained every nerve in his effort to read the sound. But the sound suddenly ceased; still Frank waited in hopes it would be resumed. And it was. Frank caught every click of the instrument, and this is what he read:

"Friends, look out—the country is full of Mo-lock's devils, red and white. Also a band of Boy Hunters is trying to probe the mystery of the floating island, and are now skulking around the lake."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 284.)

Victoria:

OR,
THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SENTENCE.

At day-dawn the next morning Cliftonlea was all bustle and stir; and at ten o'clock the court-house was a perfect jam. There were troops of people down from London, who all knew the Shirleys; swarms of newspaper-reporters, note-book and pencil in hand, not to speak of half the county besides. The gallery was filled with ladies, and among them glided in one in a long, shrouding mantle, and wearing a thick veil; but people knew the white face of Margaret Shirley, despite any disguise.

The colonel was there, and so was Sir Roland, *malgre* his gout; and so was Joe, the game-keeper's son, looking scared beyond everything, and full of the vague notion that he stood in as much danger of hanging, himself,

as the prisoner. The prisoner did not look at all scared; he sat in the dock as he had sat in his cell the day before, pale, quiet, and perfectly calm, scanning the crowd with his dauntless black eyes, and meeting the gaze of all known and unknown with the stoicism of an Indian at the stake. Some of the reporters began sketching his face in their note-books. Tom saw it, and smiled; and the crowd sat him down as a cool hand, and a guilty one. Very few present had any doubt of his guilt; the facts that had come out of the inquest were strong against him; and there was nobody else, apparently, in the world who had the least interest in the death of the murdered man. All knew by that time how everything stood—how infuriated he had been with the young lady, and how madly jealous he was of the accepted lover. And everybody knew, too, what jealousy will make, and has made, the best of men do, from King David down; and Tom's hasty and violent temper was notorious. Worst of all, he refused to give any account of himself whatever; for the simple fact that he had no account to give that would not involve Vivian's name; and the tortures of a martyr would not have drawn that from him in a crowded court-room. After the scene in the starlight under the chestnuts, he had fled from the place, and haunted Cliftonlea like a lost spirit. On the bridal-night an insane impulse drove him back again with a relentless hand, and he had wandered up and down among the trees almost beside himself, but wholly unable to go away.

Tom could not very well have told his pitiable tale of love-sickness and insanity to a grim judge and jury; so he just held his tongue, resolved to let things take their course, almost indifferent to the issue.

Things did take their course. They always do, where these two inexorable fates, Time and Law, are in question. The case was opened in a brilliant speech by the counsel for the crown, that told hard on the prisoner, and then the witnesses were called. Joe came in requisition, and so did Mr. Sweet's Elizabeth, and it would be hard to say which of the two was the most terrified, or which cried the most before they were sent down. Mr. Sweet had to give evidence, so had Colonel Shirley, so had Sir Roland, so had the doctor, so had the game-keeper, so had a number of other people, whom one would think had nothing to do with it. And at three o'clock the court adjourned, leaving things pretty much as they were before; the prisoner was remanded back to his cell; the mob went home to their dinners, and to assert, confidently, that before long there would be an execution in Cliftonlea.

The trial lasted three days; and with each passing one the interest grew deeper, and the case more and more hopeless. Every day the crowd in and around the court-house grew more dense; and always the first on the ground was the shrinking figure of the veiled lady. But on the third, just as the case was drawing to a final close, something happened that settled the last doubt in the minds of the jury, if such a thing as a doubt had ever rested there. A woman had made her way through the crowd by dint of sharp elbows and sharper tongue, and had taken her place on the witness-stand, in a very determined and excited state of mind. The young woman was Jeannette, who had followed her young lady to France, and had evidently just come back from that delightful land; and on informing them she had taken a long journey to give important evidence, she was sworn, and asked what she had to say.

Jeannette had a good deal to say, chiefly in parenthesis, with a strong French accent, a great many *Mon Dieus*, and no punctuation marks to speak of. It appeared, however, when the evidence was short of all French embellishment, that on the night the deceased had returned from London a couple of days before the one fixed for the wedding, Miss Vivian had been wandering alone in the park, where she was suddenly joined by the prisoner. She, Jeannette, had followed her young lady out to warn her against night-dews, when, hearing a loud and angry voice, she halted, discreetly, at a distance, with the true instinct of her class, to listen. There she had overheard the prisoner making very loud and honest protestations of love to Miss Shirley; and when rejected, and assured by her she would marry none but Mr. Cliffe, he had flown out in such a way, that she, Jeannette, was scared pretty nearly into fle, and she was perfectly sure she had heard him threaten to murder the bridegroom-elect. Mademoiselle Jeannette further informed her audience that, believing the prisoner guilty, her conscience would not let her keep the matter secret, and it had sent her across the Channel, in spite of sea-sickness, unknown to her young lady, to unburden her mind. It was hard evidence against the prisoner; and though mademoiselle underwent a galling cross-examination, her testimony could not be shaken, though it left her, as it well might, in a very wild and hysterical state of mind at its close. Colonel Shirley, standing near Tom, stooped down in dismay, and whispered:

"Have you anything to say to all this?"

"Nothing; it is perfectly true."

"Then your case is hopeless."

"It has been hopeless all along," said Tom, quietly, as Mademoiselle Jeannette descended, quite out of herself with the cross-examination she had undergone.

There was nothing more to be done. The evidence was summed up in one mighty mass against the prisoner, and the jury retired to find a verdict. It was not hard to find. In five minutes they were back, and the swaying and murmuring of the crowd subsided into an awful hush of expectation as the foreman arose.

Gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty of the felony with which he is charged?"

And solemnly the answer came, what everybody knew it would be:

"Guilty my lord."

The judge arose with his black cap on his head. His address to the prisoner was eloquent and touching, and the crowd seemed to hush their very heart-beating to listen. There were tears in his eyes before he had done, and his voice was tremulous as he wound up with the usual ghastly formula.

"Your sentence is, that you be taken hence to the place from whence you came, from thence to the place of execution, to be hung by the neck till dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

He sat down, but the same dead silence reigned still. It was broken at last by a sound common enough at such times—a veiled lady in the gallery had fallen forward in a dead swoon.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

It was a wild night on the Sussex coast. A north wind roared over the Channel—a terrible north wind, that shrieked and raved, and lashed the waves into white fury; that tore up trees by the roots, blew off tall steeples, and

filled the air with a sharp shower of tiles and chimney-pots, and demolishing frailer buildings altogether. A terrible night down there on the coast—a terrible night for the ships at sea—a night that had everything its own way, and defied the hardest of wayfarers to venture out. Great sheets of lurid lightning flashed incessantly; great shocks of thunder pealed overhead, shaking sky, and earth, and sea, to their very foundations. A terrible night in Cliftonlea—the oldest inhabitant had never remembered anything like it. Very few thought of going to bed—a gentleman had come preaching there shortly before, with the important information that the end of the world was at hand; and all Cliftonlea, particularly the fairer portion, believing that it had come on this particular night, resolved to appear with their clothes on. A terrible night in Lower Cliffe, where nobody thought of going to bed at all; for the dreadful roaring of the storm and the cannonading of the rising sea on the shore seemed to threaten entire destruction to the little village before morning. A terrible night within the park, where tall trees of a century's growth were torn up and flung aside like straws; where the rooks were cawing and screeching in their nests; where the peacocks were hidden away in their houses, the swans in their sheds, and the roses in the parterres were stripped and beaten to the dust. A terrible night, even within the strong walls of the old castle, where the great kitchen, and the servants' hall, and butler's pantry, and the house-keeper's room were filled with terrified footmen and housemaids; where Lady Agnes shivered as she listened to it in the ghastly solitude of her own room; where Margaret woke up, cowering and shuddering from the stupor in which she lay, and covered how he bore it in his prisoning. He, sitting reading by the light of a flaring tallow candle, in a little gold and purple book, lifted his pale and quiet face, and listened to it much more calmly than any of them. Much more calmly than Colonel Shirley, pacing up and down in his own room, as the midnight hour was striking, like an uneasy ghost. It was a splendid room—splendid in green velvet and malachite, with walnut paneling and wainscoting, the furniture of massive mahogany, upholstered in green billiard-cloth, and the bed-hangings of green velvet and white satin. The same sober tints of green and brown were repeated in the medallion carpet; a bull clock looked on the carved walnut mantel, and over it a bright portrait of Vivian looked down and smiled. There was a small armory on one side, full of Damascus swords, daggers and poniards, pistols and muskets, eel-spears, bows and arrows and riding-whips, all flashing in the light of a bright wood fire burning on the marble hearth; for, though the month was August, these grand, vast old rooms were always chilly, and on this tempestuous night particularly so. A round table, on which burned two wax candles, was drawn up before the fire, and covered over with ledgers, check-books and packages of fresher-looking money, and over it the carved walnut mantel, and over it a bright portrait of Vivian looked down and smiled. There was a small armory on one side, full of Damascus swords, daggers and poniards, pistols and muskets, eel-spears, bows and arrows and riding-whips, all flashing in the light of a bright wood fire burning on the marble hearth; for, though the month was August, these grand, vast old rooms were always chilly, and on this tempestuous night particularly so. 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Saturday Journal

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Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's

MOST POWERFUL ROMANCE,

In the New York Saturday Journal!

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

Sunshine Papers.

Table-Talk.

You are altogether mistaken! I do not purpose talking to you about the gossip pages headed thus, that one finds near the back cover of many magazines; nor yet to dilate upon the chivalrous oaths and high-souled purposes breathed forth at Arthur's Table Round—though my essay certainly does relate to what is heard the table round; but to comment on what Webster defines as "Conversation at table or at meals."

It seems to me that in too many homes there is little or no attention given to the making meal time merry, pleasant, genial hours; and such they ought to be. At dinner, breakfast, tea, all the family meet. Perhaps they do not at any other portion of the day. Then why not make these meals real cheer, social reunions, where light, interesting, instructive conversation shall abound!

In some families—too many—this is a fair sample of all meals: Breakfast bell rings. Mother takes her place behind the coffee-urn and waits, until impatience is plainly visible on her countenance, for some one to join her company. Father comes down and looks around for the morning paper. Finds it. Seats himself. Commences eating, also—reading. The younger children, finding it quite easy to keep their mouths in operation for some other purpose besides eating, quarrel and giggle in a subdued way; of the elder ones, the son drinks his steaming coffee and swallows hot cakes with fire-proof capacity. Quaker quietness and American rapidity, and returns to his room to shine his boots and prepare for his work down town. The elder girls also hurriedly and silently, and commence rummaging about the room for school utensils.

In other families some talking is done. Re-proof, perhaps, from mother. A few obtuse words from father on business prospects, that no one quite understands, but make every one feel gloomy. Unkind criticisms of their acquaintances by the younger members. In these few families are passed in rapid succession, and every one hurriedly, the unsocial atmosphere of the dining-room. Meal-time seems an hour of mere animal pleasure or physical duty, out of which all the mental element is dropped. This state of affairs is found in many otherwise well-regulated households, but I think it is unpleasant and pernicious, and I think the younger members of the family should be held responsible for not effecting a change.

Be punctual at your meals, and do not hurry from them. Eat slowly, observing among each other the amenities of drawing-room manners; and talk pleasantly on pleasing topics of the day, that even the youngest can understand and be interested in, and you will come to regard these frequent family gatherings as the happiest hours of your home-life. In after years you will have fond memories of merry breakfasts, spicy discussions at dinner, and general tea-table chit-chat.

Leave business at the office, let your neighbors' faults and doings recede in pace, discuss your lessons, or the out of your new dress, at more proper times. Never bring disagreeable subjects to the table, any more than you would place disagreeable footprints on it. If you have company—and do be hospitable; intelligent visitors can never be anything but beneficial to a family—take care to avoid table-talk on subjects disagreeable to your guests or of which they have no knowledge.

I know of farmers' households where there is never a genial, cheery meal. The fathers and sons rush in at varied times, and all is hurry and bustle and confusion. Again I know of others when, during the busiest seasons of the year, the meals, served neatly, promptly, but with no air of haste, are veritable social as well as eatable and drinkable entertainments. The father and the boys luxuriate with cold water, towels and brush, slip on a linen coat or pretty smoking-jacket, and forget the relative merits of Peachblows and Early Rose, and the ten-acre lot that must be mowed by sundown, to spend an hour in lively discussions of books, writers, the articles of the last magazine, and the habits of birds, or new strains of flowers.

It is odd, but these families, both the male and female members, accomplish more work than the former class. Is it not that the hour spent in physical relaxation and cheerful mental activity enables them to toil with more ease and rapidity, when they return to their occupations, than the neighbors who keep their power of physical labor strung to its utmost tension?

Then let kind, genial, social, cheerful talk abound in every household!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's Chef-d'œuvre

IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

A Story of Startling Power, Interest and Beauty.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS OF IT!

A BIT OF A LECTURE.

"SPEAK AS YOU MEAN." Few of us do. Some of us don't mean what we speak, either. We flatter and praise people too much, and we bestow many an encomium upon people which they neither merit nor deserve. Why do we do so? Well, we don't get mad if we censure them or their work. They want to be praised up to the seventh heaven, and if we are sincere enough to speak our minds freely—and all for their own good, too—they'll get as mad as

Tophet, which is doubtless the greatest extent to which insanity can go, and will flare up at us like jumping-jacks. We don't like to be flared up at, and we think it not pleasant to be berated. We desire to have all things pleasant, and exclaim, "Anything for a quiet life," so we go on telling people how smart, witty, and talented they are, when we are thinking and knowing them to have shallow brains and to be the veriest milkops in creation. We puff up what they have on, and tell them how becoming their clothes are, and how nicely they set, while we are thinking all the while what doddies they are making of themselves.

How few of us will speak candidly to the wealthy! I often wonder if rich people ever have the truth told to them about their follies, and if they do not often grow disgusted at hearing so much flattery, and so much fawning around them, and if they do not long for one true and sincere friend who will tell them the honest truth about themselves, and not be all cream and sugar, which grows sickening for a continual diet.

"Do as you profess." Don't set yourself up for a saint unless you have the good qualities of a saint. A great number of people are like the actors in a theater, merely assuming a part and making other people believe they are what they are not. One would think, to hear them quote Scripture, and see them put on a solemn countenance, that they were patters of perfection, and before whom you'd hardly dare to open your mouth lest your breath should contaminate them. I always steer clear of such individuals—always let them have the whole sidewalk to themselves, while I walk in the middle of the street. There is too much cant in their talk and too much vinegar in their composition to suit me. Of course they look up at me as a little heathen who ought to be reconstructed; but I won't be reconstructed, for I won't let them come near enough to reconstruct me.

I don't think I am wicked because I go to the opera, and I don't consider myself depraved because I attended the theater, and if I do attend an occasional ball I'm not going to consider myself, like a bad bill, beyond redemption. I wonder if it is any more wicked for me to go openly to the amusements than it is for those who decry public entertainments and yet occupy a private box where they cannot be seen. You needn't think I am exaggerating for the thing is done frequently. I wonder which is the most of a heathen? Of course I am! Well, I shall continue, I fear, in my heathenish propensities. If you profess to hate and anathematize all harmless amusements, I am perfectly willing, but I want you to do as you profess—to keep away from them! That will show you are a little more consistent.

"Perform what you promise." That is the way to gain confidence and secure a good reputation. Don't promise your children anything—just to keep them quiet—which you never mean to give. They'll soon lose all trust in you and you'll find them growing up in the same habit—a habit hard to shake off. If you haven't the means to buy something wanted by your wife or family be honest and tell them so, and not put them off with the hackneyed expression of "I will get it ere long." It is all well enough to keep peace in the family, but it shouldn't be done at the expense of lying. Promises are easy enough to make. Just look back a year in your life and reckon how many promises you have made and how many of them you have not kept. I fear the latter will be very few compared to the former.

Give these few a thought, if you think them worth it, and see if it wouldn't pay "I" not upon the advice contained therein. We have a number of persons who, when young, were promising youths, but who have turned out anything but performing men and women. They have been flattered and praised so much that they have come to the conclusion—we cannot wonder at it—that they are so vastly talented and so wonderfully smart there is not the slightest necessity of striving to do anything. How vastly are they mistaken, how woefully deceived, and what a sad awakening their dreams of fancied fortune without working for it. It would be a good idea to have this line placed before every one: "Speak as you mean, do as you profess, and perform what you promise." EVE LAWLESS.

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's Great Story!

TO COMMENCE NEXT WEEK.

A Wild, Weird, Witching Romance.

SPEAK FOR IT IN ADVANCE!

FOOLSCAP PAPERS.

Bathing at Long Branch.

TAKING everything into consideration I am not altogether opposed to water. I think it is one of the very best of things to have wrapped around you on a very hot day.

While down at Long Branch the other day looking at the bathers wrestling with the Atlantic ocean, and laying their hands on the ocean's mane, and getting knocked down and rolled over by it, I concluded to try it myself, although it was a long while since I ever attempted anything of the kind.

So, on the spur of the moment, I went into one of those shoe-boxes, set up on end, on the beach and put on a suit of flannel which was very comfortably scratchy with sand, and three sizes too old, and looked in a piece of looking-glass and then put my head out and inquired who I was. I found that I wasn't. I cut such a penitentiary figure that I peeped around to see if I couldn't find some loafer that I could hire to take my place, and finally ventured out, shutting my eyes so that I could not see the crowd looking at me, and stood at the edge of the Rubicon, hesitating to plunge. Finally I concluded not to plunge, but waded in, and found that they hadn't put any hot water in the sea that day; and I shivered in my boots, although I was barefooted.

I ventured in by wading out, and the first thing I knew I stepped off a ledge and went over my head. I think I went down about sixteen miles—somewhere in that neighborhood. Maybe it was only fifteen, but I am not certain.

I came up to blow like a whale and found that I couldn't swim; then I went down again, breathing about a tubful of water. When I came up again somebody caught me by the ear and pulled me out. I sat down on the beach and told them I was a drowned man, and if any of the bathers had a sheet of paper in their pockets I would make my will on the spot.

I was reassured at last, and gained confidence. I came up to blow like a whale and found that I couldn't swim; then I went down again, breathing about a tubful of water. When I came up again somebody caught me by the ear and pulled me out. I sat down on the beach and told them I was a drowned man, and if any of the bathers had a sheet of paper in their pockets I would make my will on the spot.

the waist to save as much of her as I could, when she threw her arms around my neck and cried "Deliverer," and a man hit me with his hand done up in a knot on the side of the ear, and said he would teach me to grab his only wife around the waist before his own eyes.

I stepped back to return his blow on the end of my knuckles when a breaker rolled over me and flattened me out, and I didn't thirst either for blood or water when I got on my feet again.

It is wonderful how the sea-water takes the varnish off the faces of young beauties whose fathers are rich enough to send them to Long Branch. I was, most of the time, right in the midst of many old—I mean young—acquaintances, and failed to know who they were. They were washed out of countenance!

While I was paddling around with my board, a breaker rolled over me and washed the board away, and a young lady about to be shipwrecked grabbed at me for safety and caught me by the hair, which sent me under some feet, and I am almost willing to swear that she sat on my minutes. I can bear much, but when I had as much water in me as there was out, I rose up and restored her to her friends.

It seemed to me whenever I would go to swim alone, my feet would always go up and my head down. Perhaps it was because my feet were the most buoyant.

It is one of the hardest things in the world to let on to the crowd on the beach that you are a good swimmer, when you know very little more than nothing about it.

I found that I could dive better than I could swim, but when I dived and accidentally lay upon a matronly lady, who held me under and nearly drowned me afterward, I thought that a man with half a head out of water was better than one with a whole head under water.

One young lady asked me if I wouldn't take hold of her hand and lead her out toward England just a little ways. I could not refuse the request, but a breaker broke over us and washed her away from my protection. I had no chance to feel around for my lost charge, because I had to feel around for myself, and that was nearly more than I could do. Somebody else dug her up out of the waves, and as soon as I could get the water out of my ears, I heard all sorts of execrations called down on my water-cured head for letting a young lady go to save my own self.

Somewhat, I always allowed my own self to get foremost in my mind, especially in a case of danger. It is peculiar to our family. It has been so ever since the flood, when our family had their first swim, and so many of the Whitehorn wives got irretrievably drowned.

I finally fooled around with that board until I got beyond my depth and a breaker washed it away out of my hands, and I, being denser than salt water, went to the bottom of the sea to hunt shells.

The sensations of drowning are peculiar. You first imagine that you are your uncle's aunt's stepfather, with a doubt as to whether you might not be something else or something or other—either one. You don't seem to care for anything or nothing. You seem to feel, as it were, a sort of a some kind of a feeling. The matter-of-fact seems to have nothing to do with the matter-of-fact, or anybody else.

The end-and-forths completely extinguish the senses, and so on.

I think I laid there soaking for about a week, more or less, especially the former. They fired a cannon over my remains, and I didn't remain, but came up to the surface, and was hauled out and laid on a board. Then they stood me up against a bath-house on my head for some hours; then I came to—or three, for I felt like half a dozen.

I shall hereafter discountenance all kinds of baths whatever, and will deliver my lecture in defense of this subject before lycoums at the rate of one hundred dollars per night.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming to the Front!

THE GREAT AUTHORESS IN HER BEST VEIN!

A Romance of Magnificent Power.

IN SATURDAY JOURNAL NEXT WEEK.

SELFISHNESS.

MANY an individual's influence for good is destroyed by a love of self, like a flower blighted by untimely frost. Self-respect is just and becoming, and not only enables us to maintain our moral dignity, but prompts us to higher attainments in our life-work, but when the rights of others are ignored, and only our own wishes are paramount, we violate the golden rule. This hydra-headed monster may be seen in all the walks of life.

Mr. Vinegar Cruet does queer things to shield Miss Parsimony under the cloak of eccentricity. Little Miss Petticoats, at all hazards, must have her own way, even at the inconvenience of older persons. Nervousness is often used as a covering for any amount of exacting element. Messengers are sent to garret and cellar for the third and fourth time to see if all is secure, for robbers and murderers may come in at any moment. Is it not strange that people view other people through themselves? Then look under the bed, and hunt the premises over in search of fire. The doctor is frequently summoned in the night, because baby is sleeping with its eyes half open, and these whims must be humored or this bundle of crooked nerves goes off in a paroxysm of tears bordering on hysterics. One affects plainness of speech, and mounts it as a hobby to override all views and opinions that do not jibe with his own.

Another is a hero while suffering some great public calamity, but if there is a button missing from his shirt, the bravery takes instant flight.

The aged, with venerable locks and bent forms, are often rudely and indifferently treated by the very ones they have so tenderly cared for from infancy. The remedy for these social evils is magnanimity. True politeness is involuntary when it springs from a benevolent and loving heart, and diffuses pleasure among all who come within the circle of its heavenly influence. A room may be adorned with all the beauty and elegance that wealth can procure, but without light we are unable to look upon the artistic work that surrounds us, or study the unfolding petals of the lovely flowers. So selfishness darkens and hides the noblest qualities of the soul.

Look at the strong arm of the blacksmith, how the muscles develop by exercise; but bind that arm by his side for a few months, and it will become useless from inaction. As it is with the physical, so is it with the moral and social attributes of our being. Kind deference to the aged, sympathy for the erring, charity for the weak, and courtesy to all, will imperceptibly but surely develop benevolence, which is one of the most glorious, but the most neglected impulse of the soul.

Topics of the Time.

—Of the original cedars of Lebanon only seven now remain. They cover a space of not over half a mile upon the mountain-side. They are more than a thousand years old. Indeed, it is believed that some of them were planted by Solomon; but, as Solomon lived over a thousand years before Christ, it is probably a few wrinkles too many to say that the wise man had a hand in their planting.

—The Spanish government has adopted the Hughes printing telegraph instrument, and its inventor has been made a baron. The N. Y. Sun says: "Baron Hughes is his title in Spain, and we presume that all the rest of mankind will agree in conferring it upon him whenever they speak of him." If they do it will be the Hughes joke of the season.

—The good news comes in on the crops like a roll-call. Minnesota answers "here" with a wheat-harvest of grain remarkably large and well-filled, weighing from sixty to sixty-five pounds to the bushel. Nearly all of the counties report their average to be twenty-five bushels to the acre. The crop of the State is from twenty-five to forty millions of bushels of fine wheat, besides other grain. New wheat now sells readily at \$1 a bushel in Minnesota, but here in New York it sells for what the speculators please. Eastern consumers know very little indeed about cheap wheat or cheap transportation.

—It is said that after two complete days of life a child weighs about two ounces less than at birth. When a week old it will be of the same weight as at birth. From seven days to five months the average increase should be three-quarters of an ounce daily. At five months the child should be double that at birth. At sixteen months the weight should be double that at five months. Of course, infants vary from time to time, and each individual has a rule of its own; the great point is that growth ought to be constant.

—This is a corollary of what we last week said about the comparatively recent use of under-clothing or even shirts, we may add that even washing-days are also of very modern introduction; it was, in fact, not very much of an institution in the days of our great-grandmothers. Indeed, we are forced to the conclusion, mortifying as it is, that they were not very cleanly in their personal habits. Linen and cotton, materials that can be washed, were not popular in England two centuries and a half ago. Velvet, one of the richest of fabrics, was in the middle ages often worn by the wealthy without any under-clothing whatever, while the domestics and the people of the lower order wore coarse linen, also without underclothing.

—A colony of the Waldenses, the laborious and quiet people holding special religious tenets, and dwelling in the valleys of the Po and Rhodano, has settled in the southwestern portion of Missouri. It has laid out the plan of a future Waldenses city, called Verona, and already containing four hundred inhabitants. That section of the country will soon be made to blossom, as these peculiar people are proverbially splendid workers. The more of such people the richer is the country. Peculiar religious tenets do flourish in our soil that, after a few years' acclimatization, they develop into "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" as fully as the most rabid republican could desire.

—George Washington couldn't tell a lie, and that's what all the average Vicksburg boys. The other day, when one of them accidentally broke a pane of glass in a store window, it was touching to see him walk bravely into the store and demand of the girl with a blue veil, and we're rejoiced to see that this becoming article of female gear is coming into style again. They are twisted into the most bewitching shapes, and so tantalizingly tied around and about as to make the wearers more winsome than ever. If there is anything nicer than a pretty girl in a blue veil we never found it out. The white veil before the blue, forever! That editor evidently never was at Bride-Well. Elmina belle should "go for" it.

—As the fall weather approaches the women begin to ask about fall styles. We are informed, circularly that the Princess is the coming dress. It is a costume similar to the Gabrielle, the waist and skirt in one piece, with large hanging sleeves and the skirt heavily draped in front. It is pronounced to be the most graceful and becoming costume. If the ladies do not know what that is let them ask the first pretty girl they meet. The Princess has the merit of being appropriate for home, evening, dinner and full-dress costume—a remarkable garment, truly. We go in for the Princess, and the Princesses, too, when they are sensible and know how to make up their own garments. But the Princess will not supersede tabliers, overskirts, basques and saques. These all will reign throughout the fall and winter—a very agreeable announcement to make.

We may have some idea of what England has to sell when we state that one week's produce of the manufacturers of the single town of Birmingham run up about as follows: fourteen millions of pens, six thousand bedsteads, seven thousand guns, three hundred millions of cutlery, one hundred millions of buttons, one thousand saddles, five millions of copper or bronze caps, twenty thousand pairs of spectacles, six tons of paper-mache wares, \$150,000 worth of jewelry, four thousand miles of iron and steel wire, ten tons of pins, five tons of hairpins and hooks and eyes, one hundred and thirty thousand gross of wood screws, five hundred tons of nuts and screw bolts and spikes, fifty tons of wrought iron hinges, three hundred and fifty miles length of wax vestas, forty tons of refined kerosene, and a forty-ton lot of German silver, one thousand dozens of fenders, three thousand five hundred bellows, eight hundred tons of brass and copper wares, and so forth.

—The most eminent German geologists and ethnologists now maintain that the locality of man's primitive origin, the seat of the so-called "cradle of the human race," was in the Pacific ocean south of Asia, whence the race slowly diffused itself northward to Asia, westward to Africa, and eastward to Australia. When the great Pacific continent slowly sunk, so that the ocean commenced filling the valleys, man retreated to the mountains, which, by continued sinking, were transformed into islands, and now form the many groups of Polynesia. The insularity of the thus preserved races was not productive of civilization, which requires conflict, in which the superior in the end gain the victory over the inferior. In those islands, the inferior races were preserved for want of this conflict, hence their savage condition even at the present day; while primitively the greatest advance took place at the spot of the most intense conflict, the continent of Southern Asia.

—A native Japanese journalist who has evidently traveled in Europe has published an article on woman's rights in his newspaper, in which he says that "from the practice of Europe, it would appear that the power of the wife is greater than that of the husband, and this error has been brought about by the want of a correct view of the dictates of nature." We will point out examples of this. In going through a door the wife passes first and the husband follows her; the wife takes the best seat and the husband the next best; in visiting, the wife is first saluted; in formal address, the wife is first mentioned. Moreover, while men are in the company of ladies they must be particular in their conversation, and are not permitted to smoke without the ladies' permission being first obtained. These and like customs are innumerable, and the power of the women is far greater than that of the men. It is well, once in awhile, to see ourselves as others see us, it is not unprofitable to know how we are looked upon by the "heathen." The "Jap" is a shrewd observer.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned unless stamps accompany the enclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permitted in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wasted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit of themes; second, upon excellence of MSS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving at each page as it is written, and carefully giving the date and page number.—A rejection by us means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except on special cases.

We find place for "How She Caught a Burglar," "Story of a Son," "Back from the Dead," "A Strange Story," "A Happy Dog," "Doomed," "June Roses," "Mustered of the Dead," "Let the Sleepers Sleep," "O'Leary of the Brownie Eye," "A Homely Beauty."

The following are declined: "The Dreamer"—good enough for use but much too long; "To a Child," "A Desperate Encounter," "Give Me a Lone Cot," etc.; "Breaking up the Stobach," "Get All You Can," "Old Badger's Boy," "The Sport of a Night," "Two to Three," "An Early Bird's Protest" (stolen), "Home at Last."

C. N. R. See answer to "Red Rob" below.
DAN J. We can supply the numbers indicated.
SYLVANUS S. No stamp for the letter you ask us to write.

ABERCOM. The tale of Shoaals lies off Portsmouth, N. H., harbor.
MISS MAGGIE D. Your marriage would be valid if sanctioned by a licensed minister, even though you are under age.

J. M. The conception you give is poetic enough but is neither novel nor original, and all its poetry will consist in the manner in which it is embodied in words.
KODIE R. The audiometer is an instrument for measuring the quantity of sound in your head and in other elastic fluid. It tests the purity of our atmosphere in any locality.

L. C. The poem "To a Child" is not up to the author's standard. Some lines are mere prose, others lack correctness of emphasis. You cannot seem them.

SUFFERER. A rupture can sometimes be cured by wearing a truss, but, before using one, be examined by a competent physician and surgeon, whose advice is all-important.

D. M. Goldsmith Maid has beaten Dexter's best time on several occasions. Cornell won at Saratoga. Study that profession or calling for which you are apparently best fitted by nature. Try Cornell University.

RED ROB. We shall not re-issue "Death Notch," certainly not for some time to come. The "Headless Horseman" commenced in No. 235. "Headless Horseman" in No. 235-236. We shall have another story by Capt. Mayne Reed.

E. J. P. All the first-made ocean steamers were side-wheelers. The propeller is of quite recent introduction on lakes and ocean. The great improvement of the "compound" engine makes high speed in propellers possible. At first a propeller was a "slow coach."

T. B. St. Fare to California, by Panama. (First-class) is the same as by rail overland, viz.: \$138.75. Steerage \$35. Time consumed in passage about three weeks. Trip at this season of the year is very pleasant. No more dangerous to travel by water than by land.

L. A. B. "Lance and Lasso" runs through eleven numbers; "Wolf Demon," sixteen; "Bowling Knife," thirteen; price (post-paid) six cents per number. The first named was written by Frederick Whitaker. We have another story by the same author—a sequel to Lance and Lasso.

JESSE A. B. Colds are common everywhere, in changeable and damp weather. A good remedy is the white of an egg, thoroughly beaten, mixed with lemon juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally soon gives relief.

INDWELLERS of 10th Street. Can't answer all your queries at this time. The Labyrinth, in Egypt, contains three hundred chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round, showing how vast were its dimensions. Egyptian civilization reaches back to a remote era—certainly more than twenty thousand years.

SPICY JACK. You need not "turn up your nose" at the salt butter or oleomargarine. It is neither unsavory nor unwholesome, being made with the purest oleum from the cleanest of cows. There is it is unpleasant, in any marked degree to the palate, nor to the stomach. It is certainly infinitely better than the abominable buttery grease under the generic name of "cooking butter."

CENTENNIAL. We presume it will be difficult to get the employ you seek. As yet the "Centennial" is in embryo—the buildings are not yet erected. Your true course is to write to John C. Campbell, Secretary, Philadelphia.

J. R. B. solves Bonanza's problem. Answer, 35 miles distance ship goes. He proposes this problem: "A boat's crew rowed six miles down a river and back again in one hour and forty minutes. Supposing the river to have a current of 2 miles per hour, find the rate at which the boat would row in still water." A Grammar School No. 23 boy answers Bonanza's problem by giving 43.5 miles. Wrong, sir.

DIGEST. See SATURDAY JOURNAL No. 237. "Oil City Reader." In one respect petroleum resembles coal—it is derived from organic matter, which has undergone decomposition and contact with air. Conditions necessary to its formation are, first—the diffusion of organic matter through a fine mud or clay; second, the material in a very finely divided state; third as a consequence of the preceding, the atmosphere excluded as far as possible from the material undergoing decomposition.

MRS. EMM A. Your linen is by no means spoiled. Garments of linen which have become yellow from time may be whitened by being boiled in a lather made of milk and pure white soap, a pound of the latter to a gallon of water. After the boiling process, the linen should be twice rinsed, a little blue being added to the last water used.

"DICK TALBOT." Delish. If your sisters do not like your lady-love, it will prove exceedingly disagreeable to marry and take her to live in your home. There are very few young wives who get along nicely with their mother-in-law, and if they do, in-law, and if the aversion is already commenced, it would be supreme folly to take your wife into the most trying of places in the world—the mother-in-law's home. Better wait until you can secure a home of your own, be it ever so unpretentious; and, by degrees, when not forced to endure each other's constant company, your relatives and your wife may come to be friends.

ALICE WHITE LAURELTON. The simplest and most efficacious method of cleansing the system and clearing the complexion is to use a good quality of coal or willow charcoal. It comes in bottles ready prepared for use. Take a teaspoonful, mixed with water, three nights in succession, and the fourth some simple esthetic. The face becomes clear and cosmetics will speedily ruin your skin. White is the most inexpensive dress you can get for the party. Wear no colors about the corner of the eye, and no jewelry but plain gold. There would be no impropriety in your "inviting" your sister to drive with you, nor in your "stopping for him at the house where he is staying," if it is usual for you to drive out at your own will.

BON MCCORM. Evansville, Ind., writes: "What style of ring is mostly used for betrothal ring, and what for wedding? It is customary to have either or both marked? How should a gentleman dress for a church wedding—I mean the groom?" A solitaire diamond is considered the regulation engagement ring. A solitaire pearl is the next choice, and for those who can afford neither there is a chased hoop of gold. We have seen other rings used, however, though not often except diamonds; sometimes the very wealthy prefer a cluster of diamonds set in the shape of a cross, or an entire circle of diamonds, and circles of tourmalines are sometimes used. The wedding ring is a plain gold band, one of the latest innovations being a flat surface and square edge. Either ring or both may be marked upon the inside, at the option of giver and wearer. We have seen engagement-rings marked with monogram, date and motto; wedding-rings with combined names and date. The ordinary costume is a black dress suit, white vest, tie and gloves. If the bride wears traveling-dress, the groom wears a traveling suit, with gloves the same shade as the bride's.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's Masterpiece

IN ART, PLOT AND CHARACTER.

In the Saturday Journal.

BE SURE TO SECURE IT.

TO AUGUSTA.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Sweet sister, I once called my own,
But wert by God so soon reclaimed,
A chosen seraph at His throne,
And by His holy angels named.

Once more I seek thy resting-place,
And lonely through the graveyard stray,
Tis not to see thy angel face,
But o'er thy mound to weep and pray.

I see a mourner's bending form,
He's weeping o'er a lonely grave;
While in his heart there is a storm,
And every tear emotion's wave.

Oh, he has found a place to weep,
Affection's tears that freely flow,
While I my every tear must keep
Sealed in my heart to feed my woe.

Of all these graves, oh, which is thine?
I ask myself again, again,
Yet oh, his power so divine
Can soothe my ever-yearning pain.

I sit me down upon the shore
And listen to the chant of waves,
While flow my tears all free once more,
I gaze upon the many graves.

And now I know on this I've gazed,
Still, where it is I may not know;
And while my face is upward raised
My tears and pain all lesser grow.

Oh, if thy grave I may not find
To drop my tears, to breathe my sigh,
I know that Heaven's not unkind,
And thou art there with God on high.

Outgeneraled.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MISS BERTHA DEANE looked very admiringly at her full-length reflection in the dressing-mirror; then, with a sigh of satisfaction, turned around to her cousin Ethel, who sat regarding her somewhat as an ugly little boy might be supposed to contemplate a gorgeous-winged butterfly.

"I can just tell you, Ethel, I am more decided than ever to go in for a rich husband, when I look at myself and see how nice I am. A'n't I, now?"

She asked the question with a bewildering little smile, and a charming candor and honesty that completely robbed it of mean vanity.

"You are lovely, Bertie, and I feel sorry for the ineligible young men who are to come under the spell of your fascinations for the three months you are visiting us."

"Nonsense, you dear old girl as if the 'ineligible young men' cannot stand it as well as I! Although, to comfort you, I will promise to have nothing to do with any one that can't count his money by the hundreds of thousands."

Ethel gave a little gasp of horror at Bertha's high aspirations.

"That's just as true as gospel, Ethel. I positively have made up my mind to marry rich—that is what I came up to New York for. You know I am pretty and love handsome dresses, and enjoy all sorts of luxuries. Why shouldn't I have my carriage and horses, my box at the opera, my mansion on Fifth Avenue, my cottage at Newport, my diamonds and lace, as well as any one else?"

She gave her skirts a little extra settling, with a very determined touch, as if she expected Ethel to oppose her ambition.

"I certainly hope you'll attain to the height you desire, Bertie, although I cannot imagine what is that can give you such an overplus of good things. It would take the fortune of a Rothschild, or a Stewart to gratify you, you little rapacious fortune-hunter."

Bertha smiled, and nodded mysteriously.

"Well, you'll see. You shall be my bridesmaid when I marry the gentleman I have my eye on. Just wait—I shall get him."

She spoke with all the confidence of a beauty of eighteen who felt that the world lay at her feet, to be had for the stooping and taking; and plain, practical Ethel, was imbued with the contagion of the girl's positiveness.

"If the royal dower of beauty and grace is infallible, you surely will win your game, Bertie."

She looked with pardonable pride at the girl, as she stood there, a perfect Venus in her rounded grace and symmetry of form, and the lovely sweetness of the pure, pale face, with its full, ripe lips of glowing scarlet; its shadowy, dark eyes, now all alight with eagerness, that were at times veiled so splendidly by the heavily-lashed lids; its framework of jetty, shining hair with purple lights athwart it. Verily, if youth and beauty and fresh, winning grace, and native refinement and intelligence were the passports to success, Bertha Deane's battle was already more than half fought.

"Thank you for your praises, Ethel—and, really, I think myself I am too choice a jewel to remain outside of the finest setting. I'm awfully vain, a'n't I—and I suppose you think I'm as wicked as can be, don't you?"

Ethel's indulgent smile reassured her on that point.

"I think you are awfully wicked to refuse poor Will Elliott."

Bertha's eyes opened in honest surprise.

"Will Elliott? Why, Ethel, are you crazy? He lives on a salary. Fancy me trying to manage on fifteen hundred a year!"

Her look of mock distress was irresistibly comical.

"Then, there is Mr. Ross, Bertie. I know he is all ready to propose if you offer him the least encouragement. I'm sure he wouldn't oblige you to 'manage on a salary.' He's in business, and worth at least thirty thousand."

A silvery little laugh routed this charge.

"I tell you I'm booked for half a million, Ethel, and I've my eye on the owner of it."

Ethel knifed her brows in severe thought.

"A half million! Bertie, you are insane! There's not a man in New York worth it that is unmarried."

Bertha tapped her little foot merrily.

"I know it."

"Then who do you—? Merciful goodness, Bertie, you're not audacious enough to be presuming upon finding favor in the sight of that young English nobleman who is expected at Mrs. Ellinger's?"

Ethel fairly gasped the words.

Bertha laughed, and nodded.

"Exactly! I'd not have the slightest objection to being Lady Tresillian—would you?"

But the girl's daring audacity had fairly taken Ethel's breath away.

"But—but—you don't know anything about him. If he's old, and fat, and ugly, and bald-headed—"

Bertha made a charming little bow that effectively silenced her.

"He will yet remain Lord Algernon Tresillian, with a rent-roll of seventy thousand, and the owner of the finest estate in Cornwall, and a perfect palace in Park Lane."

Ethel leaned back among the cushions, perfectly discomfited, while Bertha smiled, and arched her stately neck like some blooded war-horse who scents the battle from afar.

"Next Thursday three weeks, at Mrs. Ellinger's reception, given in honor of my lord's arrival, the siege will begin. You'll see!"

"What did you say his name is, Bertha? You know who I mean—that handsome young man with the blonde side-whiskers!"

Ethel nudged Bertha on the arm, as, in the brief interval between dances, the two girls found themselves together on a sofa in a corner of Mrs. Delmayne's drawing-room. Bertha's eyes coolly followed the direction indicated.

"Oh! that's Mr. Desmond. Do you call him handsome?"

"I should think I did! and evidently he entertains some such opinion of you, judging from the way he looks over here."

A little flush surged over Bertha's face.

"Nonsense! you know perfectly well there are other people to be looked at besides me. Don't stand so near, please."

Ethel looked wonderingly up, surprised by the unwonted tartness in Bertha's voice and manner.

"I think I am right, however. Who is he, anyhow? I think he is perfectly elegant."

Bertha curled her lip.

"Your opinion is immaterial to me. As to who he is—how should I know? I heard some one say he was engaged in an office—a mining business, I believe. Thanks, Mr. Delmayne—yes, I'm ready for the gallop."

After that, no one heard her mention Mr. Desmond's name, often though he called to see her, often as he escorted her to places of amusement; and only Ethel knew the secret of Bertha's reticence, her alternating moods of sweetness and tartness, her sarcasm and tenderness, her gay merriment and downcast tearfulness. Only Ethel, who knew that young Desmond was "on a salary."

Those three weeks that intervened between then and Mrs. Ellinger's reception in honor of Lord Tresillian's arrival in New York society were quickly spent; and the afternoon preceding the great event, Bertha's dress came home, while the two girls were chatting in their room.

"Oh!—isn't it lovely! Bertha, you surely will fascinate Lord Tresillian. Was there ever such a sweet shade of pink?"

Bertha deliberately examined it—so different from her usual enthusiastic way.

"Oh, yes, it's pretty enough. I dare say there'll be handsome dresses there, however."

And it was "pretty enough"—so enhanced by Bertha's statuesque face, and marble-white arms and throat, and among the very first to bow at her shrine was the lion of the evening—Algernon Tresillian, the wealthy English baronet.

"I must congratulate you, Bertie," Ethel said, as they drove home; "his lordship's devotion was very marked. I am sure I begin to think you will realize your ambition."

In the darkness she did not see the deep blush that spread over Bertha's face, nor the angry pallor that followed.

"Such a hideous old man! did you see how purple his face turned when he bowed?"

"Oh, Bertha! you forget how rich—"

"Do be still, Ethel. Can't you see I am dying with headache?"

So the spring days wore on, finding Bertha now jubilantly gay, now petulantly cross, now miserably wretched, until, one April morning, there came a letter to her, written on heavy cream-tinted paper, bearing a crest at its heading, and subscribed "Tresillian."

A manly, straightforward letter, in which the estates in Cornwall, the house in Park Lane, the seventy thousand a year, were laid at her feet—on condition that she accepted their owner with them.

With the reading of that letter all of Bertha's unwonted irritation left her; her old sweetness came again; and yet—she refused him!

"And might I ask why?"

Lord Tresillian had begged an interview, and asked her the question.

"Because I cannot marry where I have no love to give. Because I love Harry Desmond, and have promised to become his wife."

She said it with proud authority, her eyes full of true tenderness, her lips trembling with emotion.

"Harry Desmond? the young gentleman who earns a salary of a few hundred a year?"

"The same, sir. If he is not rich in wealth, he is in love for me; in nobility of character, in greatness and goodness of soul. We shall be very happy."

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled good-humoredly.

"But I thought you wanted a rich husband? I can give you everything you want."

"I want nothing Harry cannot give me," she returned, proudly.

"Then I am to consider your answer as final? you positively prefer young Desmond and fifteen hundred a year—to being Lady Tresillian, of Tresillian Court?"

A smile flitted across her sweet face.

"I'm afraid I do. But I think you gratefully for the great honor you have offered me."

"Suppose I say you shall be Lady Tresillian? Not now, but some day—"

"It is useless to talk of it. I shall marry Mr. Desmond."

Then the curtains of the bay-window parted, and the handsome young fellow who had won her came into the room.

"My darling! I never can repay you for your sweet womanly allegiance to me! However, I shall unite with Lord Tresillian in urging upon you the necessity of considering yourself the future Lady Tresillian, although until the death of my father, Lord Algernon, you will be plain Mrs. Desmond—Honorable Mrs. Desmond."

Bertha looked and listened in bewilderment.

"You'll not refuse me for a father-in-law, Bertie? and you'll forgive us for our little effort at generalship? We heard you had sworn to marry only for money, but Harry discovered you had a loving, yearning heart that wealth alone never could satisfy; and so—well, you're contented with the way it has turned out! You'll admit we've outgeneraled you, you little mischief!"

And in her magnificent home over the waters, Bertha is happier than the day is long.

THE celebrated house Plantin-Moretus, at Antwerp, has been purchased by the town of Antwerp for 1,200,000 francs, to which the government contributes 200,000 francs, to be maintained as a museum. It contains inestimable art treasures and curiosities; among them paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools, engravings, manuscripts and books. It will take years to classify the manuscripts, which are expected to be of great historical value. The Plantins were printers to Philip II., and published for him the famous "polyglot Bible." Rubens was the painter of the Plantin family, and Justus Lipsius worked in the printing office as proof-reader.

Love in a Maze:

OR,

THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLER.

AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A MAD HUSBAND.

It was a scene of gayety and splendor that was passing in the house which the lady, whom Elodie had recognized, was entering.

She stood at one end of the spacious drawing-room, the center of a brilliant circle, receiving congratulations and welcome on her return from Europe. The young gentleman who had been her escort—an old acquaintance, Tom Wyatt—had left her side, and was in conversation with a young lady at one of the tables loaded with sketches and engravings.

Tom had but recently arrived from the West, and was only staying for a short visit. He had dined that day with General and Mrs. Marsh at their house, and had accepted her invitation to escort her to the party at Mrs. Lyndon's, her husband excusing himself on the plea of having letters to write.

Tom had gained amplitude of form and rudeness of face; but his expression was graver than of old. His admiration for the beauty that had enslaved him had not diminished.

He had hovered around Ruhama as much and as often as she would permit. Her life, and that her lord's—so much her senior—was uneasy if any other man came near her. He did not wish to provoke marital jealousy, though he loved to see himself in the bright eyes of the only woman he had ever really loved.

Ruhama, though she could not be said to have any of her old propensity for flirting, yet greatly enjoyed a return to her former social triumphs. She seemed, however, not wholly at her ease, and she often lapsed into fits of musing. She drew back presently from the circle of her gentlemen friends, and seated herself upon a sofa where she was soon in earnest conversation with Mrs. St. Clare—the late Emily Blount. It was a marvel to both that they had not met abroad, though Emily's travel had been rapid, and her stay not long in one place. Ruhama inquired after her old friend Wyndham, and learned that he had been absent on business, and had just returned to the city.

"And while I think of it," continued his sister, "I have never given you the miniature he had painted for you so long ago. You know you told him it must be a bridal-present."

"Oh, yes, I remember. I thought he had forgotten it!"

"It was not finished when you were married. By the way, do you know who painted it?"

"I do not; Wyndham said he should have it done by an Italian artist."

"That was when the artist skulked in disguise as an Italian—under an assumed name," said Emily, maliciously.

"Not your husband—my cousin Herbert?"

"The very same! You did not know he added the accomplishment of painting likenesses to his other talents."

"Indeed I did not!"

"You will confess it now; for this is a capital likeness!"

"I shall be so glad to have it! I will come to-morrow and take it."

"Nay, I brought it with me. I knew you would be here; and I felt guilty in keeping it so long. You must prize it doubly as a specimen of Herbert's work, and a memento of an old friend."

She drew from her bosom a miniature set in gold, the rim surrounded by very small diamonds. It was attached to a blue ribbon and hung like a locket. Emily pressed a spring and the lid flew open, disclosing the painting: Ruhama took it, and gazed long and earnestly on the pictured face.

Neither of the ladies perceived that they were closely observed by a tall man standing near the door that opened into the hall; a guest who had arrived late.

"How beautifully it is done!" cried Mrs. Marsh.

"I am glad you think first of the exquisite workmanship! Yes—it shows a master hand, and it is a splendid likeness, too."

"So it is. I remember when Wyndham had just that expression; the night I first told him of our little plot to surprise you into a picturesque reunion with Herbert."

"And when I thought he was making love to you, Ruhama?"

"Oh, he never thought of that, I assure you."

"The luckier for him, then?"

"You must thank him for me."

"You must do that yourself. If you were not married, Ruhama, I should have had a look of his hair inserted, opposite the face."

"The General would have been angry."

"So it is. I am jealous of you!"

"He thinks me a prize every one must covet," replied Ruhama, laughing. "And he takes good care I do not go astray. Papa told him I was a flirt, and that was very unkind of him, you know."

"Your father did not return with you?"

"No; he is at Vienna. I do not expect him home this winter."

Emily interrupted her by a faint cry.

"If there is not Claude Hamilton!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; he landed the day after we did—but from an English steamer," rejoined Mrs. Marsh. "How foreign-looking he is—with such a growth of beard and moustache! Strange that young men from America so soon take on French dress, habits and manners!"

"Is there any truth in the rumor that he is engaged to Miss Monelle, the rich young heiress?"

"I heard that, too! She and her father returned in the same ship, and he was very attentive to her in Paris. Yes; I think it will be a match."

"He has forgotten his former flame—our friend, Miss Weston!"

"Ah, poor Olive! have you seen her lately?"

"No; she has summoned society since her mother's death. I called on her and invited her to spend some weeks with me; but she refused, and never returned my visit, nor answered a friendly note I sent afterward."

"She may have left the city."

"No; she accepted some situation—as nurse or companion—with an old invalid lady. Her acquaintances thought she wished to repel all their advances, and soon let her alone. It was foolish on her part."

"Poor Olive! I should so like to see her!"

Herbert St. Clare came up at this juncture, and Ruhama showed the miniature, and complimented him on the painting. Then she closed the gold case and put it in her pocket.

Herbert offered his arm to his wife to lead her in to supper. Ruhama laughingly declined the offer of his left arm; for an arm, she said, was in waiting for the honor of attending her.

And at the instant, the gentleman who had been conversing with Claude Hamilton, bowed to her, and solicited the honor. He had just parted with Claude, he said, and Mrs. Marsh wondered he had not come to pay his respects to herself.

"You must excuse him," observed young Percival, with a meaning smile. "He did not find his lady-love here, and has gone in search of her."

"His lady-love?"

"Miss Monelle! You know of his engagement to her?"

"I heard something of it."

"He is hard hit; and no wonder! She is a beauty, as well as an heiress."

Ruhama mused a little, and her thoughts ran back to the written declaration of love, and the mistake that had parted him and Olive. "Tom should have made all that right," she said to herself; "and, with that unanswered, how could he transfer his devotion to another? Had he been influenced by Olive's loss of fortune? Had he sought Miss Monelle for her wealth? If so, he ought to be despised!" She resolved to speak to Tom the first opportunity.

She had that when Tom claimed the first dance after supper.

"Did I explain the blunder to Hamilton? Certainly; I wrote to him by the next steamer. Never got any reply. Very true; the letter may have failed to reach him; he was off on a yachting-tour with his friend Lord Adair. It is an awkward tour to speak of so long afterward, you know," Tom answered, stroking his tawny beard.

"And the poor girl in such changed circumstances," said Ruhama, with a sigh. "It is too late, especially if Claude has offered himself to another young lady."

"Not much doubt of that," opined the sentimental Mr. Wyatt.

"You know it to be true, then?"

"Heard he was her shadow in Paris and London; and they came home together. I have seen them twice, driving *tele-a-tele* in the Park; and we all know that means business."

"I should not have thought it of him," mused the lady.

"Come now, Mrs. Marsh, would you have a fellow be so foolish as a girl who cares nothing for him? Don't be personal!"

Ruhama's dark cheeks flushed as she understood the allusion to her own rejection of Tom's offered affection. She could not utter a word more.

They had passed out of the crowded rooms through one of the French windows, open to the ground, in the third parlor, and leading into the conservatory. This was filled with a dim, misty light, and the perfume of a thousand flowers.

Suddenly Ruhama heard a firm, measured step at her side, and saw her husband.

She gave a little shriek of surprise. He was looking very stern, and the frown gathered darkly on his brow.

"Am I an ogre, to terrify you, madam?" he asked.

"You appear so unexpectedly—so like a ghost," said Ruhama, laughing. "I had no idea of seeing you here!"

"No, I suppose not."

The lady's arm dropped slowly from Wyatt's, and the young man stepped back a single pace, involuntarily. The look of the husband at her side, and the feeling of the husband's arm, were a disconcerting contrast to the look of the husband's arm, and the feeling of the husband's arm.

Tom had a horror of scenes, and the feeling he still cherished taught him a chivalrous respect for the fair lady, and a dread of misinterpretation.

The General bowed to him coldly, as if intimating that he would take charge of his wife, dispensing with his presence. As Tom stood still, the two others passed on into the shaded depths of the conservatory. Then Tom turned and went back into the drawing-room.

The husband and wife were alone.

Ruhama, for once, felt embarrassed. She began talking lightly of young Hamilton's supposed engagement, and his inconstancy to the image of his former love.

"You are right," observed the General moodily. "Yes, there are memories time can never obliterate; features that are treasured in the heart even when that is closed, and has a false surface."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

The General stooped short, dropped her arm, and faced her sternly.

"I mean, madam," he answered, "that there is no treachery like that by which a wife, who loves not her husband, betrays him; she has sworn to love and honor! Whose miniature is that I saw you receive with such rapture a while ago?"

"Miniature?" echoed Ruhama, aghast at an expression she had never before seen in her husband's face.

"Let me look at it, if you please. I would like to see the man upon whom you honor by making him my rival in your affections."

"Arthur! I do not understand you!" cried the wife, with dignity, and stepping back.

"This is strange language to use to me!"

"You have the picture about you. Let me see it!"

"I will not, unless you apologize for this insult to me, sir."

The General stooped a little, seized a bit of blue ribbon hanging from his wife's pocket, and drew out the miniature. She caught at the ribbon, but he was too quick for her.

The case was in his hand, as he glared at her. She remembered now that he had once confessed to her that he was subject to mad jealousy on the slightest cause; that he would not answer for any restraint of reason against this besetting sin.

"How absurd!" she went on, "for you to be angry at such a trifle!"

The General opened the case, and glanced at the picture.

"I thought so," he muttered. "He is the man."

"Arthur! you are not a fool!"

"No, madam; you can deceive me no longer."

"That picture is Wyndham Blount's—"

"I am aware of that; he was your lover before you married me!"

"He never was a suitor of mine! He was the brother of my intimate friend; he was ill a brother to me."

"Say not a word, madam! You cannot deceive me, in the face of this!"

"He promised me his miniature for my wedding gift; my cousin painted it. It was not finished in time; and his sister brought it to me to-night."

"I saw her give it; I saw you receive it. That is enough."

"And you played the spy, coming here in this sly way, after saying you had to remain at home!" cried Ruhama, indignantly. "I am ashamed of you, General Marsh!"

"And how must I feel, madam, reading here the story of your shame and my dishonor! But calm your nervous excitement; I will not be made a public scorn for fools!"

"You deserve it, cruel and wicked that you are!" cried the young wife, through her sobs. "Oh, if papa were here! You would not dare speak to me in this manner!"

"Your father countenanced your flirtations, but when you became a wife, they were outrages on decency. This is something more than one! When and where have you been meeting this man? He does not visit at my house."

"He has been absent; he has but lately returned. He visits me when he is in town—whenever I choose to see him!"

"I do not choose that you should receive him. What barefaced audacity! to send you his portrait! Had you any sense of the duties of a wife—of the honor of a matron, you would have spurned it!"

"But I prize it highly. Please return it to me!" said the wife, scornfully, reaching out her hand for the case.

"You boast of your love for him, to my very face!"

"Even so, sir. Wyndham and I were school companions and brought up together. He is worthy of my esteem; much more so than you are at present. That picture is my property; I demand it back."

"The late General flung it on the stone floor, set his foot on it and ground it to pieces. The picture was stamped out of all semblance to humanity. Then he kicked away the fragments, and looked at his wife."

His expression might have terrified her, but her spirit was in arms now.

"I hate you!" she hissed, in low tones of concentrated bitterness.

"I dare say," was the answer. "If you dare hold any communication with the original, he shall be served as I have served his picture."

"Coward! you would be afraid of him! You can insult a woman—your wife—because you think she is helpless. But you shall see that I can find some one to protect me. I will not return to your house!"

"You will go to Mr. Blount's?"

"I will go wherever I please, to stay till papa can come for me."

"Just now, madam, you had better return to the drawing-room."

Ruhama flung off his proffered arm. Her olive cheeks were aflame; her eyes flashed defiance.

"You must be aware, madam, that an open rupture with your husband will expose you to the condemnation of the world; the scorn of your fashionable friends."

"I hate you!" reiterated the offended lady.

"Do I not know that, to my cost?" cried the husband, with an agonized break in his voice. "I know you never loved me; that you married me without love!"

"I married you to save my father!"

"I know all that. He confessed it to me when we were in Paris. But he hoped you might learn the lesson of wisely affection. I hoped so, too, fool that I was, till my eyes were opened. But I will not be openly put to shame by your conduct."

"Do you mean to force me to go to your house, sir?"

"No; I only advise your return, till your father's arrival, madam. I shall go forth with you, but not stay at home to-night; and to-morrow I am going on a journey to occupy some weeks. By the time I come back, your plans may be arranged."

"I will not live with a man who makes my life wretched by his causeless jealousy," sobbed Ruhama, and she fled.

"You shall not be coerced into living with me. You have only to avoid one man—you know whom. To have your name linked with his, when separated from your husband, is to consign your own to infamy. Bear that in mind, madam. Now, will you go back to the company?"

"No; I will not."

"Better that your friends should not know, just at present, that you have quarreled with me."

"I will go to the dressing-room, and out that way," said Ruhama.

"Very well. I will conduct you. Take my arm."

But she refused, angrily. The General walked by her side to the door of the dressing-room; waited for her, and when she came out, escorted her with stately formality to the carriage. She stepped into it without accepting the aid of his arm, shut the door with a bang, and flung herself on the back seat, weeping violently.

The General changed his mind, and did not enter. He gave orders to the coachman, and turned away as the carriage drove off.

The husband went to a hotel for the night, and the wife, having reached her home, went up to her room, dismissed the maid who was waiting for her, and threw herself into an easy-chair by the window, which she opened, that the night air might cool her heated face.

She found it difficult to realize that the whole of her future life was changed by the trivial occurrences of this evening.

CHAPTER V.

THE DEATHED TRUST.

OLIVE WESTON found it difficult to fulfill her intention of leaving the house of her friend, on the arrival of young Hamilton. The invalid lady, on receiving a hint of her design, not only opposed it vehemently, but seemed so wounded and grieved, that the girl dared not persist. She had become a necessity of life to the sufferer, whom she called her benefactress, though in her heart Mrs. Stanley regarded her as such. She would have none but Olive to sit by her bed when illness attacked her, or to read, sing and play to her when she sat in her cushioned chair, or ventured into the parlor of an evening. She had grown to lean upon her youthful companion as if her very existence depended on her presence and care. To the good-will of a kind patroness had succeeded the love of a fond mother. To part with Olive! it would kill her at once. Such a look of reproach, of sorrowful affection, of clinging, helpless dependence as she turned on the girl when her wish was intimated! It went to Olive's heart at once.

So she stayed on, week after week, becoming more and more necessary to Mrs. Stanley; more and more an object of grateful love. And she saw so little of Mr. Hamilton, the fear she had cherished grew less, and vanished altogether. They never met at meals, unless Mrs. Stanley was able to go to the late dinner, or company was in the house. Breakfast was served in the invalid's room; and Olive made her dinner at the two o'clock lunch, taking a cup of tea in the evening in her own or her friend's room.

She had heard the rumor of Claude's engagement to Miss Monelle, and believed it. He was out almost every evening; indeed, was seldom at home. He, on his part, could not fail to see that Miss Weston shunned him, and he was

determined not to be in her way. She was a treasure to his aunt; he was glad of it; he would offend her sight as little as possible. Mr. Sherman, the trusted solicitor, came and went like one of the family. He often spent the evening with them, and sometimes talked confidentially with Olive, when the invalid was asleep in her chamber.

"You perhaps know," he said abruptly to the girl one day, "that it has been a cherished idea with Mrs. Stanley that you should marry her nephew."

Olive looked up from her work, startled. Her face was flooded with crimson; but it soon receded, leaving her paler than before.

"Pardon me, I am a plain, blunt lawyer. I should like to know your friend might have confided her plan to you."

"Indeed, sir, she has no such plan."

"I know that she has. But you will excuse me—I was opposed to the idea."

"Pray, sir, do not jest on such a subject."

"I am not jesting. No; Hamilton is not the partner for you. He needs a woman of resolve; born to subdue; a leading mind."

"He is engaged, I hear, to Miss Monelle."

"The heiress! She is not the sort of woman I should have thought would please him. She is frivolous and exacting. He would not be happy with her."

"I hope he may be happy!" murmured Olive, speaking under her breath.

"And he will not need Monelle's money, being his aunt's heir; her heir-at-law, if she dies without a will."

"You may rely upon it, Mr. Hamilton has not sought the young lady for her money."

"How do you know, my dear?"

"Because he is incapable of such a thing. He is too noble, too disinterested."

"You are a kind advocate. But it is my opinion that he has done that very thing. Young men of the present day know the value of riches."

"I cannot believe he has done it, sir."

"Well, it is none of my business. Will Mrs. Stanley be down this evening?"

"I think not."

"The doctor thinks her out of danger; but as her disease is of the heart, no one can tell when she may have another attack."

"Oh, sir, I hope not! She has been brighter and better for some days, and I trust she will have no return of the pain from which she has suffered."

"Does she know of the visit of the man who claims to be her brother?"

"She has known of it several days. I told her as soon as she could bear it. But she has not seen him."

"She had better not. It would do her harm. He is a scamp. His career in California was one of crime, and ended in a prison. He was leagued at one time with a gang of counterfeiters. For that he was sent to jail for a term of years."

"How terrible!"

"Having served his time out, he comes here to be a burden to his sister, and a disgrace, too; for he may be seen almost any day at some low tavern, disgustingly drunk, boasting to the people at the bar that he is the rich Mrs. Stanley's brother."

"She must not be told of this, sir."

"No need of it. The rascal makes no secret of the fact that he is waiting for her death, to secure the lion's share of her property."

Olive shivered. She could not bear allusion to an event she had so much dreaded.

"I want a good long talk with my friend on business. Do you think she can see me this evening?"

"I do not know, Mr. Sherman. I will see if she is still asleep."

As she went out, the lawyer muttered as he paced the room:

"A fine girl; and she must not be unprotected. I gave Mrs. Stanley a hint to that effect, and she took it kindly. She must put it in black and white. Nothing like being prepared for any event, and adding a codicil to a will does not hasten anybody's death."

Olive returned to say that the invalid would prefer Mr. Sherman to call the next day. He took his leave, saying he would come at eleven o'clock. But when that time arrived on the following day, and he presented himself, true to the appointment, the lady was in no condition to receive him.

A severe attack of her malady had seized her. It was controlled with difficulty, and left her in an exhausted state. The physician enjoined the utmost quiet, and strictly forbade his patient seeing any one but her faithful companion, besides the nurse. He no longer held out the hope of recovery to even partial health.

All day sat Olive by the bedside, soothing the sufferer, holding her hand, or wiping the clammy dews from her forehead. Claude Hamilton came more than once to the door, to be denied an entrance. All that day, and part of the night—the hour of slumber Olive passed on the lounge in a room adjoining—and all the next day.

Toward evening Mrs. Stanley's pain had left her, and she smiled sweetly on her young friend, and took from her hand a little nourishment, looking in her face as the most affectionate mother might regard a beloved child.

"Tell Claude I will see him, when he comes again," she said, cheerfully.

The nurse went for him, and Olive rose to leave the room.

"Stay, my child!" called Mrs. Stanley. "You must not leave me!"

"Mr. Hamilton is coming—"

"But you need not go away. I would rather have you here. Stay, child."

The girl obeyed, but retreated to the other side of the room when Claude entered.

He was warmly attached to his aunt, and had deeply mourned her illness. It was a deep relief to her nephew to see her so much improved. He sat beside her, congratulated her, and expressed his ardent hopes of her speedy recovery.

"That may not be, my dear boy," she said, softly. "I feel that my days are numbered."

She went on to talk of various little matters she wished attended to, chiefly concerning her objects of charity. Olive drew her chair so that the bed-curtain screened her from observation, and wept silently. She saw herself about to be cast back into the friendless desolation she had experienced, and reproached herself for allowing thoughts of self to mingle with grief for the friend she was about to lose.

In the silence Mrs. Stanley's words became distinctly audible. She was speaking to her nephew.

"I have known of your love"—she was saying—"of one worthy of all affection. It was the dream of my life to see you happy. I know you will cherish her, Claude; I do not ask any promise."

The young man bowed his face over his aunt's hand.

"And I know her deep affection for you, my boy; it has been a tried and faithful attachment."

"She is speaking of Alice Monelle," said

Olive to herself. Her heart was beating violently.

"I have wished only to see you united before I am taken from you. Cannot that be, Claude?"

"Do not speak of this, dearest aunt," Olive heard him say, in low tones of deep feeling.

"You are afraid of exciting me," answered the invalid. "There is no danger; it can make no difference. I wish I could see you—happy—happy—"

A paroxysm of gasping seized her. Claude started up with a cry of alarm. Olive rushed to the bed, and held to the invalid's pale lips the cordial she always took when those attacks came on. Holding her head against her own shoulder, she whispered that the excitement had been too much for her, and Mr. Hamilton had better retire.

But the invalid held out her hand to detain him. "Stay, Claude," she murmured, and caught his hand. With the other she clasped Olive's.

Raising herself upright, she suddenly brought their hands together, placing the girl's in that of her nephew. "God bless you both!" she murmured, pressing them in both her own, and repeating the blessing, while a seraphic smile illumined her face.

Then she sunk slowly back. Olive caught and supported her. Her eyes were closed, her lips were parted; yet she breathed softly.

"Has she fainted?" asked the young man, bending over her.

"No; but she is exhausted," returned Olive. "Pray excuse me, Mr. Hamilton, if I ask you not to remain. She will go to sleep now."

He stepped back from the bed, his eyes fixed on the young girl, who did not once look up. She was arranging the pillows, and placing the invalid in a comfortable position. When she turned to take her own place by the bed, she saw the door close on the nephew, who had gone out quietly.

He muttered as he went to his room:

"It is strange that she has so set her heart on my marriage, and does not see that I am an object of aversion, not of regard! Poor soul! I could not deceive her!"

He felt deeply humiliated; yet with an undercurrent of resentment. How had he deserved scorn and contempt? His spirit rose in rebellion. The girl need not, he thought, take such pains to show him that she would accept no tender of his affection. He would not incur the danger of a repulse.

Olive sat and mused by the sleeping patient. She took her treacherous heart to task.

"Am I weak enough to feel wronged?" she said to herself. She felt humbled by the discovery of her heart's falsehood. It would not be swayed by her pride! With the shame she was under was blended a feeling of anger toward young Hamilton. How mad was the dream she had once indulged! How delusive the happiness she could not help feeling, born of his mere presence, which, like the spring sun, had awakened her from torpor into life! She would crush down the feeling; she would dispel the dream; she would remember that he would be happy with another!

Later in the evening Mrs. Stanley was awake, and feeling better. She made Olive sit by her as usual, and tea was brought up to her. The invalid partook of the repast.

Then she began to talk, and Olive could not restrain her. She expressed her earnest desire for a union between the girl and her nephew. She had known of Claude's attachment before he went abroad; she knew that he was faithful to it still. She had read the hearts of both—

Here Olive interrupted her, laying her hand on her friend's, and speaking with difficulty amid choking emotion. Mrs. Stanley was utterly mistaken; she averred Mr. Hamilton did not care for her; he was averse to her rather than otherwise. She implored her dearest friend, as the only favor she had ever craved at her hands, not to speak again of this matter; never again to allude to it. She might be assured it could never be!

"I know my own boy too well to doubt him," answered his aunt. "And you—I may be mistaken in you. Speak frankly, Olive, do you dislike him?"

"Dearest Mrs. Stanley, it is not for me to have any thoughts of your nephew!" almost sobbed the girl, averting her face.

"Olive, you must tell me the truth. Do you not owe that to me?"

"I owe you everything, my beloved friend!"

"If you do not love my nephew, you have made me wrong him! I acted on that presumption. I have robbed him of his rights if you do not!"

The girl did not understand her words.

"Never mind; you will soon know what I mean. Answer me as you would at the day of judgment, girl: do you love Claude, or do you not?"

The poor girl fell on her knees beside the bed, and her clasped hands hid her face. "Answer before it is too late for me to do him justice! The truth, girl!"

"Oh, madam, I dare not deceive you!"

"I have been deceived, if my judgment has been wrong. Tell me the truth. Remember, I am on my deathbed!"

One wild, scared look the kneeling girl gave her benefactress. She saw a deathly pale face, with fixed, eager eyes devouring her face; with white, quivering lips, as in the act of adjuration.

"I do—I do—love him!" she faltered, while she buried her burning face in the bedclothes. The invalid passed her hand caressingly over the bowed head. In broken tones she faltered a blessing.

"Now you know my secret!" wailed the girl, at length lifting up her face. "It has humbled me in the dust to own it—but you bade me speak the truth!"

"And you did right, my dear child."

"It is to you alone I have confessed it!" sobbed the girl. "I should die of shame if he knew it. Oh, Mrs. Stanley, promise me that you will not tell him!"

"There will be no need. It will all be right now."

"I could not bear that he should despise me. But I was not always a poor dependent, you know. He knew me in better days."

"Hush, child. Sit in the chair, and hold my hand. Never talk of being a dependent again."

As Olive resumed her seat there was a tap at the door. A servant entered with a letter on a salver. It was addressed to his mistress.

Mrs. Stanley took it, put on her glasses, and read it. Then she pressed Olive's hand, and bade her open one of the drawers of a cabinet standing opposite the bed. In it was a small ebony box, under the tray of which was a package of bank notes.

She selected several of these, and made the girl incline them in a thick envelope. Olive understood her intention. It was not the first time she had answered the demands of her half-brother, by sending him money without consulting her solicitor.

The envelope was sealed and directed to "Richard Lumley."

Then the rest of the money was restored to its place, and the drawer locked.

"I want you to do something else for me, my child," said Mrs. Stanley.

The girl bent her head to listen.

"You know the old Indian cabinet in one of the recesses of the library?"

"I know which you mean. It is kept locked."

"Yes, dear. It is too large a piece of furniture for a bedroom, and is full of old papers and quaint curiosities, not opened this many a day. There is a secret compartment in the right hand upper drawer. That drawer, you will notice, is very deep. You must feel along the back till you touch a steel button, and then press the spring. That will bring out the compartment. Do you understand?"

"Yes, madam, perfectly."

"You will find some papers there, put away for safe-keeping. My lawyer knows of them; not Mr. Sherman, but Abel Reynolds. These papers are not to be touched. But there is a package of letters with California postmarks. Those letters I want destroyed without any one seeing them."

"I understand, dear Mrs. Stanley."

"You must be particular to destroy that packet of letters; to let no one see them when I am gone. They are memorials of the crimes which I could as easily efface the record of his wrongdoing; but God may grant him repentance and reform. You will do as I tell you?"

"Be sure I will. Shall I do it to-night?"

"Not to-night. I may want to refer to them if he should cause me trouble. Not while I live, dear child. But give me no chance to see them when I am gone."

"I will not. But, dearest friend, do not speak as if you were going to leave me."

Her voice was broken by fresh sobs.

"There, do not weep, my poor child! I am satisfied now. We will talk no more on agitating subjects. Here is the key of the Indian cabinet, and of the drawer. Keep them about you."

She drew out from a pocket in the bosom of her dressing-gown two keys, fastened to a ribbon, which she put into Olive's hand. The girl put them in her bosom, securing the ribbon to her brooch.

Shortly afterward the invalid sunk into a calm sleep, watched over by her loving friend.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

Tiger Dick:

OR, THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TIGER CAGED.

WHEN Shadow Jim returned to the cave, after his dismissal of Pat Donovan, he found Florence unconscious from the influence of the drug, and Tiger Dick given over to such a fit of convulsions as he had never before seen upon him. Jim, never loath to "place himself on a footing with the gods," joined him; and when he rose to go on a reconnaissance to the city, though his own well-seasoned brain knew no such thing as succumbing, he left the Tiger "on high Olympus."

Shadow Jim felt no qualms of conscience at leaving a helpless girl in the power of the drunken fiend he had just quitted. As he expressed it, "he played his own hand, and calculated to put a head on the sharp that didn't follow suit."

It was well nigh daylight when he entered the city, and some time after sunrise his new disguise enabled him to pass the stables where Pat Donovan stayed, and here he saw the hound lying in his accustomed place, while a hostler was rubbing down the horse that Cecil Beaumont had ridden.

Then Shadow Jim set himself to ascertain the whereabouts of Cecil. Within an hour he was in possession of the facts that were spreading like wildfire through the city. Then he set out on his return to the cave.

Meanwhile, Charley Brewster had been among those earliest informed of Cecil's return. He burst in upon the detective with the exclamation:

"Draper, you're right; he's alive!"

"Eh? Who's alive? Not—"

"Cecil Beaumont! He is now in Mr. Powell's house."

"The deuce he is!"

The detective stared at Charley in blank amazement.

"He came back last night, and is now in a state of delirium."

"Jim-jams!"

"No; he is insane."

"Fudge! Brewster, that's a lay."

"You wouldn't think so, if you were to see him."

"You have seen him?"

"Yes. He is all the time raving about Tiger Dick and Fred Powell and Miss Goldthorp. Miss Powell is the only one who can keep him quiet. I may as well tell you that she was engaged to him."

"The deuce she was! Why, he ruined her brother, and would have let him hang."

"She hasn't an idea of the sort. She thinks that he has been in some way persecuted by Tiger Dick."

"Fish! Those devils were hand and glove ten years ago. They have been working together in this whole affair, depend upon it. But has Miss Goldthorp returned?"

"No; nothing has been heard of her. Cecil keeps linking her name with Tiger Dick's, all the time warning her of him, or assuring her of protection from him."

"Look here, Brewster, there's some devilment behind this."

"It looks a great deal like it, certainly. He's got a blue line across his breast, that he says is the mark of a bullet fired from Tiger Dick's hand."

"By Jove, Brewster, those devils have had a split, and it's over this girl. I'm going to have another lay on this slippery gentleman, and if I don't bag him this time I'm a long way out of my calculations."

The detective sprung to his feet. Charley was quick to take the infection; and a few minutes later Detective Draper's select force was on its way toward Tiger Dick's retreat, under two very singular leaders.

On their way Draper suddenly cried:

"Halt!"

The next instant he fired his pistol and set off on a run, with the exclamation:

"Shadow Jim, by the Almighty!"

Rallied by Charley Brewster, the whole force joined in the pursuit. But Shadow Jim and the detective soon outstripped the rest, and were lost to view in the undergrowth.

As the chase had deviated from a direct line to the cave, Charley gave over the pursuit and

led his command straight for the opening, hoping to cut off Shadow Jim. There he was joined by Draper, who was not a little chagrined to have to report that the slippery outlaw had succeeded in eluding him.

"Anyways," said the detective, "we've headed him off; and his running to this hole in the ground shows that here's where we're going to find Tiger Dick. You, Davis and Thompson, stay outside, and shoot the devil if he shows his nose. It won't do to let him escape this time. Now, men, steady, and we'll bag him!"

This hunting human game was new to Charley Brewster's experience, and he trembled with excitement, as he followed the detective through the dark and silent passage.

A faint glimmer of light from a dark-lantern thrown on their pathway enabled them to advance without making a noise by stumbling. But it was an unnecessary precaution; for as they turned the first angle a wild burst of laughter came echoing and re-echoing down the gallery, sounding hollow and weird.

"That's our game!" whispered Draper, now advancing more rapidly and with less caution.

Suddenly a woman's cry arose, with terror and rage and despair all blended in one. Charley Brewster springing by the detective, and turning a second angle came into view of the lighted cave within. Looking down the passage he was traversing, and across the lighted chamber, he saw Florence Goldthorp thrust Tiger Dick against the wall and snatch her dress out of his hands. Then she ran across the chamber, passing from view at one side, but immediately reappearing at the mouth of the gallery, torch in hand, just in time to meet Charley Brewster.

Up went her hand—there was a blinding flash—a deafening concussion—a scorching puff of smoke and fire in his face—and he staggered back against the detective! Then all was wrapped in Stygian darkness; and Charley Brewster felt a wild thrill of heart, as he thought that he had passed the bound that parts the Here from the Hereafter.

"Lights, men, lights!" cried a voice that sounded far away; and immediately half a dozen dark-lanterns flashed upon the gloom; and Charley Brewster saw dimly the form of Florence Goldthorp lying motionless at his feet, and further in the cave Tiger Dick upon his feet, staring in amazement and terror, completely sobered by this unexpected interruption.

"Stand still there, sport," chuckled the triumphant detective. "I reckon your little game's about played. We've bagged you this time, sure!"

The Tiger made a motion as if to draw a pistol.

"Hands to the front!" rung out the clear, metallic voice. "We've got a masked battery behind here, that'll soon put an end to all your troubles, if you're anxious to go from this weary world of care."

The Tiger desisted from his purpose, blanching, visibly, as the muzzle of a pistol was thrust forward until the light from one of the bull's-eyes fell upon it. While he was in a flood of light, his assailants were wholly invisible to him. He could see nothing but those eyes of flame and the black muzzle of the pistol.

"I guess you've heard of me before," pursued the detective, stepping forward into the range of light. "They call me Jim Farnsworth when I'm at home."

"Yes, I've heard enough of you," replied the Tiger, with an oath.

"But not as much as you are destined to hear," said the detective, meaningly, drawing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

At this Tiger Dick changed color, and made another motion toward resistance.

"Hands above your head!" cried Farnsworth, as he now knew him, bringing his pistol in a line with Tiger Dick's forehead.

With an oath of impotent rage, the outlaw complied. Then the detective stepped forward and disarmed him, following it up by snapping the cuffs on his wrists, and Tiger Dick was a captive.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TIGER'S LAST CARD.

CHARLEY BREWSTER and detective Farnsworth had the management of a little surprise-party (so they said) at Mr. Powell's residence. Through the influence of Charley, every one was banished from the parlors and the library across the hall, until all was in readiness.

There was an undercurrent of great satisfaction and joy in Charley's bearing that partially drew the banker out of his grief in spite of himself, and filled him with a vague anxiety not unmingled with an indefinite hope. But when he entered the front parlor, out off from the back one by the now closed folding-doors, and saw no one there, he turned upon Charley with a look of disappointment and inquiry.

May, Mr. Carrington and Mr. Creswell also stood in silent expectation.

"Be seated," said Charley, his face all aglow with suppressed happiness; but there was a tinge of pain, too, as he glanced at May's pale face and unnaturally brilliant eyes—"be seated. My friend here, Mr. Farnsworth, has a story to tell you."

"Perhaps I can produce a substitute, from whose lips the narrative will be more acceptable to you," said the detective; and, rising, he crossed the hall and opened the library door.

There was the sweep of a robe, and then Florence Goldthorp entered, pale, yet radiantly beautiful. Mr. Creswell sprang up and caught her in his arms.

"Why, pet!" he cried, "is it you—alive and unharmed! Thank God for His great goodness!"

His tears and kisses fell upon her hair, for he loved her like a father.

Next Mr. Carrington arose, and grasped her hands, and holding her at arm's-length, gazed upon her with emotions almost too deep for expression. Then he drew her to him and touched his lips to her forehead.

"I cannot tell you," he said, "how I have mourned Charley's child, during these three terrible days!"

Mr. Powell, too, received her with feeling, for she had loved Fred, and trusted him against hope. And May—she embraced her and returned her kiss with a strange, shuddering foreboding of evil.

When they were somewhat composed, Florence said:

"Before telling you about myself, I wish to give you a little previous history, which is the real beginning of the whole affair."

Then she related all of Cecil Beaumont's plot, up to that fearful night at Dead Man's Bluff, telling her own deductions, what had been ascertained by detective Farnsworth, and Cecil's own confession to her.

During this recital, May Powell writhed in agony of spirit, but did not interrupt it by word or sign.

"In confirmation of the story thus far

there was an unutterable depth of woe in her face that awed him into unquestioning compliance.

"Is that your father, May?" asked the maniac, and without waiting for an answer, addressed him:

"Sir, I do not attempt to extenuate my crime. I have listened and heard it all rehearsed to you by yonder fiend. But do not trust him implicitly. Listen to my defense. As ever before, he first incited me to the conspiracy against your son. Listen!

"Ages and ages ago, when we were on earth, my restless spirit fell a prey to that excitement that induced men to leave home and everything that they most prized, and go in quest of gold, that yellow gold that turned men's brains. But I did not go alone. I had a cousin. Oh, how I loved him!—loved him, did I say? Ah! he was my other self! They were sisters—his mother and mine—and brought us up in the love which they felt for each other.

"I have said he was my other self. It was literally true in point of physical appearance. We were so like that our nearest friends could distinguish us only by a scar on Tom's lip, the result of an accident in boyhood. But while I was wild and wayward, he was gentle and good. Yet this very difference drew us all the nearer together in our love.

"I could not go without him. I represented to him the marvelous wealth that we might amass in the new Eldorado, where men arose in the morning penniless, and went to bed at night worth millions; I told him of the comforts and luxuries with which he would be able to surround his mother when he returned, a man with his fortune made, after an absence of two or three years. Then I saw his eyes sparkle and the color come into his cheek, and I knew he would go.

"We went; and there I met yonder demon. From the day that his basilisk eyes first rested upon me, I was doomed. They called him King Monte; and in the wild orgies over which he presided, all that was good in my nature was burned out by the liquid hell that I took in at my mouth. Oh! those days of remorse and agony, and those nights of hellish excitement, when I would have staked my soul on the turn of a card! And Tom, he clung to me and pleaded with me, and even wept over my destruction. And this demon sat slowly turning the cards, ever with that fiendish smile on his countenance, ever with his eyes burning into my soul and filling my veins with liquid fire! And day by day the accursed appetite for alcohol grew upon me; and every day saw me more confirmed in that madness which waits upon chance.

"Then, when I was wrecked in body and soul, and a beggar—when I was on the verge of delirium tremens, and the very clothes on my back were mine only on sufferance—they had been won—had I won by yonder smiling fiend, who generously forbore to assert his rights and leave me naked—in such a state Tom came to me, and with tears in his eyes, and adjuring me in the name of the dear ones we had left, begged me to cut loose from the influences that were dragging me to perdition, and go with him. He had found gold enough to make us both rich. It was ready at our hand. We had but to take possession of it, and then return home, with our highest anticipations more than realized. He would share it with me freely; but knowing my weakness, he first exacted a promise of total abstinence from liquor and a renunciation of gambling for once and all.

"Who could have resisted his appeal? I promised. Ah! how light a thing is a promise—a mere breath. Then he took me to an old, abandoned shaft in the mountains, which appeared not to have been visited for years. There he had found a cache containing gold enough for both our fortunes, and near it lay a skeleton, doubtless the remains of the luckless miner, who had not lived to take away the treasure that he had accumulated.

"Again, how light a thing is a promise!—a spider's web to bind a maniac! With the possession of gold, came again, with power intensified by the very barrier that stood in the way of its indulgence, as rushing waters pile up before an obstruction, the insane longing to again tempt the goddess of fortune. Why multiply words? He found me again at the accursed board. In my madness I had awakened the suspicions of my destroyer touching our discovery of a great treasure.

"Then Tom forced me away. For once his gentle nature, smarting under a sense of wrong and treachery, asserted itself. He reproached me with the folly and ingratitude that would ruin not only myself but him. And then—oh, God!—I struck him. I have told you that I was on the verge of delirium tremens; I was crazed with remorse and shame; I hated myself for my baseness; and in my agony I knew not what I did. I struck him; he reeled and fell, down, down, into that yawning shaft! Oh, what a look he gave me, as he toppled over into that abyss! It haunted me all through the years of torture that followed; its reproachful eyes looked sorrowfully at me in moments of remorse; its terror-struck face arose amid the demon conjurations of delirium, goading me deeper and deeper into the maelstrom of dissipation in the vain struggle to elude a specter that ever followed.

"Ha! I loved you! This! This! Tom! Tom! you know I loved you! You know that I would have stricken off my right hand before it should have injured you! Forgive me! forgive me, Tom! Do not look at me like that! I tell you it was not I, it was the demon that possessed me! Oh, Heaven! he will not listen to me! Oh! those eyes of fire! how they burn and sear my soul! Take him away! Oh, God! take him away!"

The maniac shrank, cowering and shivering, with his hands over his eyes.

"Cecil! Cecil!" whispered May, "be calm. He is gone."

The maniac clung to her hand, and, shrinking close to her side, said:

"May, you will not let him come again? You will not let him look at me with those eyes? I did not mean to kill him. You will tell him, May, if he comes!"

"Yes—yes!" whispered the agonized girl, gazing with love and pity and sorrow upon the wreck before her.

Then he resumed his story.

"What happened next I do not know; only this demon was hovering about me. He haunted me day and night. His baleful eyes never for a moment relaxed their eager searching in my brain for the secret of my hidden wealth—that gold all reeking with the blood of him whom I loved best of all the world! Waking or sleeping, his fetid breath was ever on my cheek, his ear over at my lips—waiting, waiting for the secret! And all the time he kept shuffling the cards, and clinking the gold, and luring me into the old snare. And he made the wine flash and sparkle, until the demon of appetite burst its chains, and in desperation I grasped the cup. Then how he chuckled and laughed! He knew that he had me then. I was in a whirling hell of excitement, and soon sat at the table opposite him. I bet upon one

card again and again, doubling the stake every time, determined to force Fortune to my will. But I lost. Every time turned up something else, until he refused to take my word longer. I was mad! I thought that one more chance would surely win. Then he proposed that the stake be my secret. I refused. He charged me point-blank with the murder of my cousin. He saw me cower beneath his eyes. Then he proposed that my secret be pitched against his silence. If I won I should go free. If he won then my secret and half of my gold. Ah! that gold—that blood-dripping gold! I would have given it all for one moment of peace!

We played. I staked all upon the same card for the last time. I lost! Ah! the devil helped his own—his ally won.

"Then he chuckled, he laughed, he taunted me with the blood on my hands—the crimson stain on my soul! He had filled my veins with the fires of hell. My brain seethed and whirled in delirium. Goaded to madness by his sneers and fiendish triumph, I shot him and fled. Ha! ha! how I laughed, as I clutched my gold and thought of him as writhing in the agonies of death!

"But I had not escaped him. His spirit was added to Tom's. The one was an angel, the other a devil. The one looked sorrow and reproach; the other was a frowning Nemesis, ever thirsting for revenge. Together they haunted me by day, and in my sleep they filled my dreams with horror and agony.

"One day, after years of mad revel in the very center of the maelstrom, my evil genius confronted me in the streets of New York, and I knew that my bullet had not done its work. Then I fled, I know not how; for the delirium was upon me, and for weeks I lay just between life and death.

"When reason again asserted herself I found myself watched over by an angel. A Quakeress, they called her, but she will ever be an angel to me. She drew my feet from the tangled way, and I resolved to begin life anew. When I was healed I came to you, and you know how well I kept my resolve. I did keep it, until an evil hour drew me into speculation in grain—that other and respectable form of gambling. Then, when the firm ground of principle and uprightness was sinking beneath me, this demon again found me out."

"To claim, at last, his long-deferred revenge!"

It was Tiger Dick's voice that rung through the room in clarion tones. He had watched his opportunity and snatched a pistol with his manacled hands. A sharp report blended with his words; and as he was borne to the ground by the detective's force who threw themselves upon him, Cecil Beaumont reeled and fell upon his face, stone dead, with a bullet through his heart!

A woman's cry arose amid the confusion of exclamations. May Powell gazed for a moment in stunned bewilderment, and then fell across the body of the man who had injured her so deeply—upon whom she had lavished all the wealth of her heart!

Charley Brewster sprang forward and lifted her in his arms, and with a sinking heart and swimming brain bore her to her chamber. A thin stream of blood issued from between her lips and stained her pillow—she had ruptured a blood-vessel.

Frantically he fled down the stairs and out of the house for a doctor; but it was of no avail. She lay upon her pillow like a broken lily. Her father held her hand. She pressed it and looked as if she wished to speak. He bent his lips to her ear and caught the whisper:

"Father, I loved him!"

Then her grasp relaxed, and she was free from her sorrow.

Detective Farnsworth finished the interrupted story, telling how the generous Tom, forgiving all his wrongs, had gone in search of Cecil (whose real name was Ernest Elroy) in order to relieve the anxiety of a heart-broken mother. The detective was after Tiger Dick on account of a murder which had forced him to fly from California. Farnsworth and Tom Tracy had been in communication with each other; and when the latter ran across the Tiger he telegraphed for the detective, who arrived only to find his colleague buried in the place of the cousin of whom he was in search.

A long line of carriages wound through the cemetery, and May Powell, the loving and wronged, was laid in her peaceful rest; and, as the man of God said in a solemn tone: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" and the clouds fell upon the coffin-lid, Charley Brewster covered his white face with his hands, with a feeling of utter desolation and awe.

Afterward, when a marble shaft pointed heavenward above the loved remains, Fred and Florence stood beside it.

"Florence," he said, "I see in this the fruits of my sin. But for my weakness, all this trouble could not have come upon us, and she would still be among us."

"Hush, Fred," she replied; "we are all in His hands. We cannot retrieve the past by useless repentings."

"No; but we may shape the future. And here I promise you that never while life lasts shall another drop of liquor pass my lips."

She looked up at him with a sudden radiance, and as she pressed his arm, said:

"God has answered my prayer!"

Tiger Dick was taken back to the scene of his early crime, and there paid the penalty. His accomplices, McFarland and O'Toole, ended their career with that relic of barbarism, a confession from the scaffold, while the "decoy duck" was given ample opportunity to meditate on the way of the transgressor behind the bars. Jimmy Duff still "sings the whisky" at his "end of the shop," but a new man "manipulates the pasteboards" in the place of Tiger Dick. As for Shadow Jim, his subtlety enabled him to elude pursuit; and after following the fortunes of Tiger Dick to their fall, he "went West," to find a fertile field for the exercise of his peculiar genius in the checkered life of the Rocky Mountains, where he put into practice much that he had learned from the experience of his fallen master.

It is a year since last we saw our friends. The organ is filling the brilliantly-lighted and densely-thronged edifice with softest music. There is a rustle of satin, and the bridal couple passes up the aisle to the altar. Charley Brewster is groomsmen, with a half-sigh of tender melancholy as his thoughts go out to May. Mr. Carrington gives away the bride. He claims it as his right, his last act of affection for the Charley of his boyhood's friendship. Mr. Powell looks on, proud in his son, and happy in the daughter he is giving him.

The organ bursts into the glad peal of the wedding march, and Fred and Florence have found recompense for all their sufferings.

THE END.

Mrs. Fleming's new story next week.

MORNING SYMBOLS.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"This world is a parable—the habitation of symbols—the phantoms of spiritual things immortal shown in material shape."—LE FAVU.

Swelled in my breast, "I have been dead," I cried, "And now I live."—WILSON WORTH.

In the morn's exceeding luster, Sitting where the flowers cluster, Blooms of every pleasant fragrance, Aife all colors fair and bright, In continuous stream adorning, This, the festive bower of morning, Gazed I on a scene of beauty, Smiling the gorgeous light.

In the arbor where I rested, Through the trailing vines invested With unusual beauty, borrowed From the glory of the hour, Came the sunlight, rosy-fingered, Like a painter, where it lingered, Giving rarer hues and texture Unto every leaf and flower.

To the northward, waters leaping Down the circling hills, were peeping, With a weird and varied luster, Through the branches of a wood; And, in plumes the scene befitting, Birds from bough to bough were flitting, Giving life and wondrous beauty To the verdant solitude.

To the southward, fair before me Lay the sea, in all the glory Of the morning sky outspreading, Like a boundless field of light; With a smooth and tranquil motion, Over that splendid field of ocean Moved the birds, sustained and wafted By their airy wings of white.

Eastward, westward, wide-extending, And in either distance blending With the hues of clear horizon, Lay a fair and shining plain, Where, in bright and varied order, From the hill's encircling border To the curving line of ocean lay, Waved the yet unrippled grain.

And, the source of all the glory Of the lovely scene before me— Over land and sky and ocean, Lay a fair and shining plain, Over forest, field and mountain, Over flower and bird and fountain, With a luster all unclouded, Shone the eastward orb of day.

Scene with peace and brightness laden, In thy symbols saw I Aiden, For to me awhile lay open All the inner life of things— With the sun and shining plain, Vitalized these forms of beauty, Making all a joy and blessing For their tender minstrel rings.

As I sat in happy musing, From some eastward thoughts confusing, God to me, through this sweet vision, Deigned his heavenly peace to give; Then my mind beheld him clearly, Then my heart embraced him dearly, And, for all the after ages, Then my soul began to live.

Only a Flirtation.

BY H. M. GEORGE.

"Well, Earle, it seems that we are to lose you. You have snapped at the bait held so alluringly before you, and have allowed yourself to be caught by a stray curl, a smile, and a pair of dark eyes turned bewitchingly upon you. The tempter has been caught, and Florence Dinsmore is triumphant. I congratulate you."

The handsome lips of Cecil Hamilton curled sarcastically as he spoke thus to his friend, Earle Trevor. The two young men were sitting on the piazza of Beach Cliff Hotel, enjoying an afternoon smoke, as we introduce them to the reader.

"You do her injustice, Cecil," answered his companion, as he took his cigar from his mouth, while a long wreath of smoke floated upward from his lips: "Florence Dinsmore is pure and true, and a perfect lady. She has never tried to win me by any art of hers. There is no bait or trap in the question. And as for me, I am proud to confess that it is the love of my life."

"Bah! you are getting heated, Earle. Pray restrain your enthusiasm. But I shall make due allowances for a man is not himself when he is in love. I had hoped, however, that you were too old to make a fool of yourself. But I hardly think it will last, and the speaker tilted back in his chair and again resumed his half-burned cigar.

A flush mantled the cheek of Earle Trevor. "You are an incorrigible cynic, Cecil," he said, "and it will take one of the fair sex to convert you. The time may come when you will regard matrimony in a different light from what you now do."

"Whew! a Daniel come to judgment. But don't flatter yourself, old boy. I fancy I have seen enough of the tender passion not to be taken in by any of the fair frail ones at this late hour. By the way, Earle, have you seen the last arrival?"

"No, who is it? It's nobody that I know, of course."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Cecil. "If I am not mistaken she is an old friend of yours. I recollect well the glowing letters you wrote me at the time. You were staying in some out-of-the-way old place, and this charming Dian crossed your path. Whether you left her as you found her is not in my knowledge."

"Can't you let the past be bygones, Cecil?" cried Earle, with a clouded brow. "Stop your trifling now, and tell me who it is."

"Of course you can have no idea, there are so many of them in the forbidden past. And you could not use such her arrival, for you were playing the sweet to that flannes of yours. She is a stunner, I tell you, one of your tall, stately ones, Florence Dinsmore is a wax doll compared with her. She must have changed greatly since you knew her. Why I should as soon think of playing with a panther as making love to such a woman."

"Well."

"Oh, you are waiting for her name! Well, it is Ardelle Grahame."

Earle Trevor's dark face paled, and there was a perceptible quiver in his voice as he exclaimed:

"Ardelle Grahame! What is she here for? Are you sure it is her?"

"Quite sure. I saw her as she came in, and read her name in the hotel register. Straightway I was reminded that the name was familiar, and then I recollected your letters. Hist! there she goes now, and Miss Dinsmore is with her. Do you not recognize her?"

"By Jove! yes," responded Earle, as he gazed down upon the croquet-ground, where a party of players were strolling. "She has changed as you say, but I should know her anywhere. I must warn Florence against her. I shall not like to have them associate. It seems like a ghost of the past to meet her here."

"You speak as if you hated her."

"I do. Five years is not so short a time but what a revolution of feeling may occur. It was only a flirtation on my part, though she was as lovely a flower as one could wish to meet. But the simple thing thought I was

in deadly earnest, and took it greatly to heart as I afterward learned. I thought she was dead, but it seems she lived over her troubles and has become quite a star of society."

It was true. Five years before Ardelle Grahame had been a thoughtless, happy maiden, upon whom Earle Trevor had chanced to stumble in one of his rural visits among the green hills of Vermont. Poor, beautiful, and romantic, her fresh young heart was easily won by the careless, polished man of the world. It was "only a flirtation" to Earle Trevor, but to the unsophisticated girl the moonlight walks, the low whisperings of eternal love, were something more than amusements for an idle hour. But it had passed. What she had once deemed sacred memories to be cherished while life endured, and carried even beyond the grave, had turned to bitter ashes and consuming hate. She was a haughty, imperious woman now, a belle in society, and ready to return scorn for scorn with the blight of her affections.

Her appearance at Beach Cliff Hotel was peculiarly distasteful to Earle Trevor. To do him justice his whole heart's love had been given to Miss Dinsmore, and to behold this perpetual reminder of his days of folly was unpleasant and irritating. Besides, in spite of all his remonstrances, Florence's intimacy with the offending beauty daily increased, and he had but few opportunities of seeing her alone.

The days and weeks went by. Ardelle Grahame and Florence Dinsmore became like sisters and were seldom separated. They read together, rode together, attended parties together, and went boating together. Indeed there seemed something remarkable in the strength of the friendship which seemed to exist between the fair girl and her more strong-minded companion. Earle Trevor could not conceal his anxiety. He was therefore highly pleased when one morning Florence told him that Miss Grahame was to depart for the city the next day.

"And oh, Earle, I am so sorry," she went on, her dark eyes swimming in tears. "I shall be very lonesome when she is gone. But I forgot, you do not like her."

"No, Florence, I dislike her very much. She is strange girl—one whom I should be loath to be your friend," and he smiled gravely down at the bright, eager face raised to his.

"She is strange," said Florence, placing her hand confidentially upon his shoulder. "And she talks so strangely about you at times. She says that you are her enemy and that she hates you. Once she said that it would be better for me to die than ever to marry you. It frightened me to hear her talk so. What could she mean, Earle?"

He looked at her keenly, biting his blanched lips. "I cannot imagine, darling. She may have become embittered in consequence of some disappointment she has received. But I shall not allow her to talk so to my little flower. I am glad, Florence, that she is going away, and that you will be all mine again."

"We are going to take our last sail together this morning, and then I am going to help her pack, as she is to start in the first train. Ah! there comes Ardelle now. Good-by!"

She flung a kiss at him and darted away, while Earle Trevor stood gazing after her. How beautiful she looked to him as she stood there on the beach, with the sunshine rippling on the graceful folds of her jaunty dress, her golden hair blowing out on the warm breeze! It was a picture he remembered well in after years.

He saw them sail away and anticipated no danger. Why should he? The waters were calm and bright, and Miss Grahame was a capital oarsman, and had been known to venture out at sea in her frail boat, even in the midst of storms. So through the long, bright day he waited for his loved one.

But when evening came and the wanderers had not returned Earle Trevor grew worried and anxious. To make matters worse black clouds were thronging from the west with every indication of a storm. He went out and paced wildly to and fro upon the sands, peering anxiously at the dark sea and black clouds. A great horror came upon him.

Would Florence never come! Would the storm overtake them and keep his loved one from his sight forever!

He shuddered with deadly anguish at the thought, and the first prayer he had uttered for many a long year arose from his heart.

"God help her! God help her and bring her safe to me!"

The storm came on. Flashes of lurid lightning shot from the ebony clouds above him, and the savage roar of thunder shook the earth. Driven into tumult by the fury of the storm the white-crested waves foamed and dashed against the beach where he stood as if to mock his grief.

Many anxious groups gathered in the hotel parlors, and fires were built upon the beach, which blazed up despite the flood of water, flashing their spectral light far out on the mad billows. There was a call for a boat, and as it was brought forward Earle Trevor seized the oars and sprang within. But before he stirred from the shore Cecil Hamilton interrupted him.

"Earle Trevor, are you mad? Your boat would crack like an eggshell in yonder foaming waters. Besides there is no need. God help you to bear up, but Florence—"

Is dead.

Staring blankly into his friend's face he reeled in those pitying eyes the truth, and with a deep groan fell senseless upon the sand.

Two forms had been drawn out on the beach, clasped in each other's arms, one slight and graceful, with a look of horror and anguish upon the cold, dead face—the other tall and stately, the stern features full of joy and triumph. Beautiful even in death Ardelle Grahame lay with her rival clasped to her bosom, her dark hair mingled with the fair locks of the murdered victim.

Yes, murdered! For Earle Trevor learned the terrible truth after he had regained his senses. As he entered the hotel a servant handed him a sealed envelope, saying that Miss Grahame left it for him. He broke the seal and read:

"Earle Trevor, I hate you with the hate of a scorned woman. For five long years I have had but one thought—revenge. Now I strike the blow. You love Florence Dinsmore. To-day she dies. It is pitiful to sacrifice her for that for which she is not to blame, but thus I can more effectively gain my revenge. And besides, after all, it is better for her to die young and innocent as she is than to lead the life of a leper. I have thought that you love her too much to let her live a life of misery and pain. You feel it now, and I exit in the misery you will know in the life of horror you will lead. For before high Heaven you are her murderer. I am but the servant of destiny. ARDELLE."

The blow was terrible, but if his punishment was severe his sin had been great. He had thought lightly of blighting the trust and destroying the faith of a woman's heart, and

this was the retribution. He never forgot the blow, and, though an old man now, Earle Trevor has never since been seen to smile.

A WRONG CUSTOM CORRECTED.

It is quite generally the custom to take strong liver stimulants for the cure of liver complaint, and both the mineral and vegetable kingdoms have been diligently searched to procure the most drastic and poisonous purgatives, in order to produce a powerful effect upon the liver, and arouse the lagging and enfeebled organ. This system of treatment is on the same principle as that of giving a weak and debilitated man large portions of brandy to enable him to do a certain amount of work. When the stimulant is withheld, the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or sluggish and weakened condition than before. What then is wanted? Medicines, which, while they cause the bile to flow freely from the liver, as that organ is toned into action, will not overwork and thus debilitate it, but will, when their use is discontinued, leave the liver strengthened and healthy. Such remedies are found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets.

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WILLIAM MEAZEL, FROM THE NOTED SCOUT, "BUFFALO BILL."

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WM. F. CODY, ("Buffalo Bill.")

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THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.
(In New Clothing.)

BY JOE JOY, JR.

A wolf somewhat stuck up and proud,
As wolves sometimes will be,
Went down to extinguish his thirst in a little
babbling brook.
That meandered on the sea.
"Water is better far to drink
Than lager beer," said he;
Only the night before the storied wolf
Had been out upon a spree.
He'd hardly drank a barrelful
When what should this wolf see
But the clear, limpid stream turn into by-
drant water.
And thought, "How can this be?"
But when he came to look up-stream,
As plain as plain could be
He saw a little bit of a useless lambkin
In the water to his knee.
"May it please your royal in-
significance," said he,
"To remove your feet out of the water which I
have to drink,
And straightway turn and flee."
"Keep your mouth shut, you old humbug,"
The small sheep answered free,
"And don't interfere with other people's busi-
ness."
Or it may be bad for thee."
"I'll only shut my mouth when you
Between my teeth shall be,
And with one easy lesson I'll instruct you in
Lamblike gentility."
The little muttonkin said "Bosh!"
You do not frighten me!"
And that wolf proceeded to go for to slap his
muttonkin.
Quicker'n one could see,
But ah, that lamb developed powers.
The wolf had failed to see.
And in three shakes of a dead and defunct
sheep's ear he was all chewed up—
That wolf had ceased to be!

MORAL:
The moral of these tales is plain
To either he or she,
If any gentleman or lady muddies the creek
from which you are lapping
You'd better let them be.

LEAVES
From an Actor's Life;
OR,
Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

XII.—Ophelia Pelby—Mrs. Pelby's Wax Statu-
ette—The Last Supper—The Proposed
Voyage to England—Shipwreck—Mrs. Pel-
by's Last Appearance—Lady Macbeth—
Yankee Stars—Dan Marble—Sam Patch,
the Jumper—Marble Appears as Damon—A
Ludicrous End to a Serious Play.

THOUGH Mr. William Pelby did not possess
his father's talent, it was transmitted largely
to his daughter, whom he had named Ophelia,
after Shakespeare's heroine.

At the time I remember her she was known
as Mrs. Anderson, having married a gentleman
of that name, and was using it in her profes-
sional capacity, though many actresses retain
their maiden names upon the play-bills, after
marriage.

She was handsome, accomplished and grace-
ful, and excelled in such characters as Juliet,
Ophelia, Julia, in "The Hunchback," Cordelia,
in "King Lear," and Mariana, in "The Wife."
She was a great favorite with the theater-
goers, and maintained this good estimation for
many years.

Mrs. Pelby was a very talented woman, not
only as an actress but as an artist in wax-
work. She constructed many groups of statu-
ettes, life-size, principally Scriptural subjects,
which gave her fame as well as profit. Her
master-piece was "The Last Supper," in which
the Savior and his disciples were formed in
wax with lifelike fidelity.

For several years after her husband's death
she exhibited this group and finally sold it for
a large sum—I have heard it stated as five
thousand dollars.

She made this sale in order to secure the
necessary funds for her daughter, Mrs. Ander-
son—"the fair Ophelia"—to appear in Lon-
don. She expected that she would meet with
a flattering success there, and undoubtedly she
would have done so, had the Fates been propi-
tious; but disaster befell them.

The vessel in which they embarked for Eng-
land, a new bark, called the Anglo-Saxon, was
met by a gale and driven ashore on Cape
Ann's rocky coast, and though they, with the
other passengers and crew, escaped a watery
grave, Mrs. Anderson's handsome and expensive
wardrobe, prepared expressly for her
English engagements, was lost.

This misfortune compelled them to return to
Boston and abandon their proposed trip to
England.

Finding that the theater did not yield her a
profit she rented it to Bird, Wright and Fenno.
Bird was a dealer in second-hand goods, and
found the money. Wright had been the stage-
manager, and Fenno the treasurer of the the-
ater under Mrs. Pelby; and she was surprised
and mortified to find that it paid under their
management. She could not understand why
or how they could make money for themselves
when they could not make it for her.

I do not know why it should have puzzled
her, though, for people always work more for
their own interests than anybody else's.

Mrs. Pelby made her last appearance on the
stage as Lady Macbeth for the benefit of J. J.
Prior, then a young actor of promise, now "food
for worms." Since I began writing these sketches
his death has been chronicled in the daily
press. He died in his dressing-room in a West-
ern theater, of heart disease, "with harness
on his back." He was a member of a company
supporting Lotta, that peculiar star-actress
whom John Brougham has very aptly and
wittily described as a "dramatic cocktail."

Among the celebrities who appeared at the
old National under Mr. Pelby's management
was that eccentric comedian, Dan Marble. He
introduced a new style of acting, and a new
kind of play, and was very successful. He
appeared as Sam Patch, the great jumper, and
took a leap of forty feet from the flies—the
canvas hangings above the scenes—to the
stage, disappearing through a trap masked in
by painted water.

This play was founded upon the exploits of
the veritable Sam Patch, who made a fame as
a jumper, but jumped once too often down the
Genesee Falls, at Rochester, N. Y., and
lost his life by his foolhardiness.

This play was written by a Mr. R. H. Thomp-
son, of Buffalo, and it proved very attractive.
When there is a good chance for a man to
break his neck, or some other less valuable
limb, people like to have a chance to see it.
It is almost as good a treat as going to a me-
nagerie to see the lion-tamer put his head in
the beast's mouth, with pleasing anticipations
of seeing it bitten off.

I never saw Sam Patch played, and I was
never called upon to play in it; whether I
have been deprived of a pleasure, or escaped an
infection, I cannot state.

However, as Wallace Thaxter, the dramatic
critic of the *Saturday Evening Gazette* (a
great theatrical paper in Boston, in its day)

used to say, when he could not praise and did
not wish to condemn, it "answered the pur-
pose."

Dan Marble made money; and that is about
the sum-total of every man's exertions, on or
off the stage.

He had two competitors in his peculiar line,
however, Yankee Hill and Yankee Silsbee.
At this time the nasal twang, the bell-crown
hat, the long-tailed coat, the short waistcoat,
and the striped pants, with long straps, took
possession of the stage and flourished like a
green bay-tree.

The personators of Yankees, or Down-East-
ers, grew and multiplied, until, like the Kil-
keney oats, they devoured each other.

The first Yankee comedian, so called, was, I
think, a Mr. G. H. Hill. I saw him, and I—
well, I will not speak of him now; he has been
dead these many years.

"Green be the turf above thee!"
as Fitz Green Halleck sung over his lamented
friend, Drake.

Then came Yankee Marble, then Yankee
Silsbee, Yankee Hackett—better known as the
representative of Falstaff—Yankee Adams,
Yankee Locke, Yankee Robinson, Yankee
Miller, and McVicker, the Chicago manager,
Yankee it for a time with Dan Marble's plays,
which he purchased from his widow after Mar-
ble's death. Marble died young; not forty
years of age, with cholera, in Louisville, Ken-
tucky.

Dan Marble was irresistibly droll in his
Yankee stories, possessing a quaint and origi-
nal humor, but, like other funny men, he be-
lieved at first that he was fitted to be a trage-
dian.

At the American Theater, New Orleans, he
assayed the character of Damon, in the last
act of the play of "Damon and Pythias." He
thought he could enact this character equal to
Forrest, and he tried strenuously to impress
this belief upon the minds of the large audi-
ence who had assembled to witness his effort.
It was his benefit night, and, after appearing
in several of his Yankee specialties, he gave
them Damon, in the last act, as a finish, and
it proved the funniest part of the programme.

In the last scene when Pythias stands before
the block and ax, and the suppers, as citizens of
Syracuse, are shouting without, and the doomed
man, with his "fair Calanthe" clinging to
his breast, begins to feel a thrill of hope, and
the approach of Damon is thus heralded, the
audience being worked up to the proper pitch
of excitement for Damon's appearance, Dan
Marble dashed on with Forrestian energy.

He had bespattered his face and daubed his
dress with mud, to heighten the effect, and
looked as if he had been dragged through a
mud-hole.

"Damon!" exclaims the tyrant, Dionysius.

Dan made a dash for the platform contain-
ing the block and ax, and landed upon it with
a flying jump.

"I am here, standing on my throne!" he
yelled.

At this thrilling moment his fleshings broke
from their fastenings and slid down, revealing
Dan's bare and attenuated calves, and the noble
Damon was obliged to squat down in a sudden
and very undignified manner to hide his legs,
while the prompter, equal to the emergency,
rushed down the curtain, which descended
amidst the most uproarious peals of laughter
that ever rung within the walls of a theater.

That was Dan Marble's last appearance as
Damon.

A Rogue's Game.

BY CORA CHESTER.

It was a cunning little house, with odd point-
ed gables, and numerous bay-windows peeping
out from its every angle upon the sloping lawn
below, and stood back in its modest way from
the more pretentious buildings adorning the
principal village street.

Perched in one of its comfortable recesses
sat Ritta Lee, the heavy curtains closing about
her and throwing a crimson light on glossy
hair, rounded cheeks and bewitching dimples.
The gray eyes had a troubled, anxious look in
their depths that belied the soft lines about the
pretty mouth, for Ritta was not dreaming
over a dead past, nor yet picturing an Arcadian
future; the troublesome, perplexing pres-
ent engrossed her tired brain and drove hap-
piness from her thoughts as though it had never
been a welcome visitor in her past life; a
guest Ritta had once thought she could never
live without.

Crushed in one hand was a letter she had
but a few moments before eagerly seized from
the postman's hand, and these were the words
that had chased all thoughts of wealth and a
settled future from her mind:

"MISS RITTA LEE:
"DEAR MADAM:—I write to announce to you the
arrival of Gerald Lee, Esq., at my office Saturday
morning. He was not lost at sea five years ago as
reported, but has returned after a lingering illness
in India, to claim his late father's estate. This of
course will render your claim to your late uncle's
property null and void, and believe me I deeply
sympathize with you in your disappointment. In
your changed fortunes I am yours, as ever to com-
mand."
Attorney and Counselor at Law."

Demolished forever the airy castles Ritta
had been building since her uncle's death; lost to
her the joy of being courted and sought after
as the heiress of the great Lee estate. If it
had not been so publicly announced, she could
have borne it better, she declared to herself
with fresh sobs, but to be stripped of all
these honors in a single day was cruel—
worse than anything she had ever dreamed
could have happened to her!

You see she was no story-book heroine,
ready to battle with poverty single-handed,
but only a commonplace, silly girl, overrating
perhaps, as women will, the value of fine
clothes and summer friends.

But, to do Ritta justice, her grief was not
altogether selfish. In her generous heart
arose a great sorrow for her invalid mother
and young sister left with her in comparative
poverty. With swimming eyes she reread the
letter, then resolutely placed it in her
pocket and dried her tears.

"They shall not know of it to-night. It
will come soon enough to poor mother, and
dear old Sue shall have one more gay evening
at least. I wonder what Hugh will say?"
with suddenly paling cheeks. "How foolish I
am to dream that it could make any difference
with him!"

The light of a new joy beamed in the
troubled eyes.

"This will prove to mother and the rest that
it is Ritta Lee, and not Ritta Lee's money,
Hugh Desborough loves."

Poor child, she had yet to learn that her
poor little self, stripped of her wealth, would
be of little consequence to the dear five hun-
dred who now fawned around the heiress of
half a million.

Ritta, with her mother and Sue, had lived
five years now in the gable-pointed house, and
happy indeed had these three been together.

With fawning sycophants, empty-headed fops
and admiring friends surrounding her, it was
no wonder that pretty Ritta Lee's head had
been half turned by her suddenly-acquired af-
luence.

Like a sensible girl Ritta walked quietly in-
to her mother's sick-room, shook up the pil-
lows, pulled down the shades, and aided her
mother to rise, as if nothing had happened.

"Mamma, dear, will I light the lamp?"
then with a forced little laugh. "You know
the old gentleman himself perambulates the
couch to-night, and I shall make it unusually
brilliant here in order to frighten away his
Satanic majesty."

A ghost of a smile illumined her mother's
pale face.

"Are you worse to-night, mother? I guess
I'll give up the party to-night, and Sue can go
without me just as well."

Resolutely ignoring the fact that this party
had seemed to her the ultimatum of all things
ever since she had heard of Hugh Desborough's
return from Europe and expected attendance
there that evening.

He had sent her only a few written words
since his arrival, and how Ritta longed for
just one glimpse of his handsome face, to see
that he had not changed in spite of his foreign
travels and two years abroad!

He would ever seem the same bright, hand-
some Hugh to her, her beau ideal of a noble,
disinterested lover.

Her mother's voice awakened her from her
day-dreams.

"No, Ritta, mother couldn't allow you to
sacrifice yourself in that manner. Run up and
dress, and Rosetta will read to me till you and
Sue come home."

Inclination said yes, and Ritta listened, as
almost any girl of eighteen would, and ran up-
stairs with flushed cheeks and beating heart to
the room she and Sue shared together. Only
as Rosetta was dressing her hair, and she caught
the light of a diamond dagger, dexterously
holding up the loose coil on her neck, did the
memory of that terrible letter rise to haunt
her with its promise of trouble for the future.

Who was this unknown cousin that he should
arise from the grave and rob her of all that
made life dear to her? Why could he not
have died in India? She wished—then she
sundered at her own wickedness and tried to
chase the wicked thought away.

Rosetta completed her toilet; she ran out to
her nest of a carriage, and at last she and Sue
stood together in Mrs. Larrabee's lighted parlors.
Some one drew her hand within his arm,
and a well-known voice whispered:

"Will you welcome me back for old times'
sake, Ritta?"

"For your own sake, Mr. Desborough," with a
very perceptible tremor in her voice, and sud-
denly flushing face. It was cruel of him to take
her at such a disadvantage, she declared, half-
angrily to hear he drew her into the circle of
the crowded parlors into a quiet alcove.

"Kind Mrs. Larrabee evidently remem-
bered her own young days when she arranged
this romantic nook," said Hugh, refusing to re-
lease Ritta's hand, which he still held firmly
within his own. "Ritta, in spite of the novel-
ty and excitement of the past two years I
have longed for this moment with a longing
unutterable. Now that I have you here close
beside me I verily believe you are longing to
run away."

He glanced down, with a teasing, half-quiz-
zical smile, at the drooping face of his com-
panion.

Well, the end of all this sentimental skir-
mishing was that Hugh Desborough then and
there formally made an offer of his heart and
hand to Ritta Lee, the reputed heiress of half
the real estate in W—.

"But, Hugh," stammered Ritta, with a
strange hesitancy to test her jewel—she would
soon prove whether it were paste or not—"read
this, and then take back what you have said
if you choose."

She tried to control her voice and speak
bravely.

He took his lip and a sudden pallor passed
over his face as he read the letter. He was
about to turn and speak when Mrs. Larrabee
entered with a tall blonde man of thirty or
thereabouts.

"Ritta, we have been looking everywhere
for you. The games have commenced, and
here is a cousin of yours come across the seas
to claim your relationship, I believe. Miss
Ritta, Mr. Gerald Lee."

Mr. Gerald Lee, bronzed with travel and de-
cidedly distinguished-looking, bowed low over
Ritta's cold hand and gave her an indescrib-
ably curious glance from two dark, magnetic
eyes. She shivered and drew involuntarily
closer to Hugh.

"Mr. Desborough must not monopolize Miss
Lee. Such a charming young lady as your-
self should be generous in bestowing her at-
tentions. We have never met before; all my
father's relatives are unknown to me, but I
already love them for that dear father's sake."

With a rather exaggerated show of emotion
he wiped both eyes with a deep-bordered hand-
kerchief he carried.

Mrs. Larrabee had taken Mr. Desborough's
arm, and in spite of the repulsion she felt for
this newly-acquired cousin, Ritta could not re-
fuse his escort into the parlors.

"Cousin Ritta," whispered her companion,
"I do not want you to hate me because I
have robbed you of your fortune. You were
born to wealth, Ritta, with your grace and
beauty. Our acquaintance is short, I am a
commonplace man, but money you know cov-
ers a multitude of sins, and our interests
should be one. Do not divulge the secret of
your loss of fortune at present and perhaps
you and I will share it together in the future."

Her puzzled face showed that she only half-
understood his meaning.

"Share it with me, Ritta; be my wife. I
will call and see your mother to-morrow."

All this he whispered with the same strange
light in his eyes, and an increasing familiarity
in his manner. Then, marking her frighten-
ed manner and beseeching look toward Hugh,
he added:

"Does your lover know of your changed
fortunes? He will never marry you now, a
poor, penniless girl. Well," with a sort of
patronizing kindness, "I have robbed you of
wealth, but have saved you from a worse fate."

"He does know of my changed fortunes,"
gasped Ritta, "and, Mr. Lee, you have no
right to take advantage of our relationship to
address me as you have. I may never marry.
I certainly would die before I sold myself for
gold!"

"Many willing victims sell themselves for
gold in these enlightened days," said her coun-
sin, with a significant lifting of the eyebrows in
Desborough's direction. "You will marry,
Ritta Lee, and marry me."

Just then a merry girl passed a golden cake
in their direction, and, as Ritta took a piece,
something round and bright rolled from it and
fell at Mr. Gerald Lee's feet.

"Ritta, Ritta!" screamed little Rosa Lar-
rabee. "Ritta has got the ring! Hurrah!
Can we all come to the wedding?"

Then there was much laughing and joking
at Ritta's expense, and Gerald Lee gallantly
bent and placed the golden fether upon Ritta's
third finger. The young people, as the mystic
hour of twelve arrived, led the way into the
large, old-fashioned kitchen, and then com-
menced numerous mysterious tricks, a duck-
ing for apples and a wild race around the street-
corner with mouths full of water, where num-
erous names of their several beaux greeted
the ears of the delighted girls.

Sue came in, pale and breathless, from an
upper room where she had been paring an apple
before a mirror, and where she distinctly
declared she had seen a man's face peeping in-
to the glass over her shoulder.

"Your husband, Sue. You'll be married
before the year's out!" cried the girls. "What
did he look like? Did you ever see him be-
fore?" and a number of like questions assailed
her ears.

Sue blushed a rosy red, and refused to an-
swer, while Dr. Gresham, silent and rather
grave, stood by her side and smiled in a quiet
sort of way. He said nothing of the practical
joke that no one of that noisy group would
dream him guilty of perpetrating. Years af-
terward he confessed to Sue the first ruse he
had made use of to gain her love.

Ritta's turn came, but she returned to the
kitchen with untroubled brow, and declared she
had seen nothing. On the side-table the girls
had placed three saucers containing, respectivel-
ly, earth, water, and a ring, and each one ad-
vanced blindfolded and touched one or another
of the mysterious symbols. Ritta turned pale
as Hugh felt uncertainly of the saucer contain-
ing the earth, and passing on, placed his fingers
in the ring.

Hugh laughed, but Ritta shuddered and
pressed a little closer to him as he came and
stood beside her.

"No fear, little one, of losing me—not at
least until I have worked and left you a rich
widow. Remember, darling, you are my prom-
ised bride, and must see no other face than
mine to-night."

"Ritta must go first to the lake. Are you
afraid, Ritta?" questioned a dozen gay voices.

"Afraid!" laughed Ritta. "How absurd,
girls! Where are my wraps?"

"An I go with her?" asked Hugh, anxiously.
"Go with her! No, foolish youth, you'd
break the charm," declared Mrs. Larrabee.
"She must go alone, and as she unwinds this
thread, must whisper to herself, three times:

"Oh, spirits bright, that rule the night,
Turn thine eyes upon my love,
Bring him to me, this night to see,
To gaze so tenderly from above."

Then she will see her future husband's face in
the water."

Ritta allowed herself to be persuaded, and
started down the lonely road, the more readily
as Gerald Lee, the man she already hated, had
left the party some time before the company
had adjourned to the kitchen.

As she groped along in the semi-darkness,
her fingers trembled as she unwound the
thread, but she repeated the magic rhyme over
and over again, and kept steadily on toward
the lake shore.

On she walked till she reached the lake; sud-
denly she stumbled against some object on the
shore, and stopped short.

The moon came sailing out from behind a
cloud just then, and with a sudden, startled
cry of horror, Ritta bent over the lake.

There, on the sand, face downward, lay the
body of a man, and, looking in the moonlit
water, Ritta saw reflected the ghastly features
of Hugh Desborough.

As she touched him she saw that her hand
was bathed in blood.

The place rung with her screams; she turned
the loved face over and covered it with her
passionate kisses.

There, a few moments later, she was found,
half crazed with grief, and calling upon Hugh,
by every endearing name, to awake and an-
swer her.

It was many a weary day before Ritta arose
from a sick bed, and walked with Hugh—poor
Hugh, ill and almost as pale as herself—up and
down the velvet lawn in front of her old,
pretty home.

Yes, it was Ritta's home still, shared now
with Hugh; and this is how it all came about:
Fearing for Ritta's safety that night, Hugh
had stolen away from the gay company and
taken a short cut to the lake. He half-con-
cealed himself behind a boat and waited for
Ritta to appear.

Soon he heard voices, loud and angry, ap-
proaching, and, advancing toward him, follow-
ed in a threatening way by a ruffian-looking
fellow, came Gerald Lee.

"I tell you, Smith, this thing must be stop-
ped. I've the devil of a temper, and I warn you
not to goad me too far!"

"It's only my share of the swag I'm want-
ing, me fine gentleman. Give me half, and I
won't peach."

"Half! Idiot! of what are you thinking?
I take all the risks and mean to pocket the
gains!" then, in a more conciliatory voice, as
he noted the angry scowl deepening on his
companion's face, "but I'll do the fair thing
by you, Smith. How would—well, say five
thousand, do? That would set you up nicely
in some business."

"Grand setting up! And you come nicely
into this college! Guess you don't come it
on to half a million. I'll peach and go over on the
gal's side fast!"

"Well, tell your lies then, and Gerald Lee,
Esq., rich and respected, will snap his fingers
in your face and dare you to do your worst!"

"Dare me, do you, Mr. Gerald Lee?" with
a mocking emphasis on the name. "I swear
I'll run you. I'll tell the whole devilish plot—
how you, a poor, low-born valet, robbed your
dying master of his papers, and your fortune
and name be'n't your own, and your mother
wasn't."

"Hold your lying tongue, you black villain!
If those words should be heard we're both un-
done."

He stood quite near to Hugh, who was lying
flat on his back in the shadow of the boat, and
Smith, in his half-drunken rage, came forward
and struck his comrade full in the face. Lee
accepted the challenge, closed with his antagon-
ist, and they both fell over Hugh's prostrate
figure.

Lee recognized Desborough's face, and then
ensued a struggle for life.

Hugh was young and strong, but no match
for two desperate villains. They left him for
dead on the sands, and ran, just as Ritta's
light steps were heard coming toward them.

Of course search was made for the man per-
sonating Gerald Lee, but only Smith, wounded
and bleeding, was found in a neighboring farm-
house. His more guilty comrade escaped, and
no news of her absent "cousin" ever reached
Ritta's ears.

The old, gable-pointed house resounds now
with baby laughter and children's voices, and
Ritta is still the envied, beautiful heiress of the
Lee estate; but she is sure of one thing, she
declares, and that is that her husband never
married her for money.

In the Stocks.

A CAMP-FIRE YARN.

BY OLL COOMES.

"SPEAKIN' of the prairie stocks bein' an aw-
ful fate, reminds me that it's nothin' compared
with what my grandfather got into once," said
old Pete Loah, the trapper, as he dropped a
red coal from the palm of his horny hand into
his pipe. "It war away back in Ohio, in the
days of Ingins and blood, that my grandfater,
then a chunk of a boy of twenty, lived with
his parents on Jonathan's creek. The Loahs
had settled there along with two or three other
families in a little clearin' in the almighty
woods. The Ingins war not the quietest neigh-
bors on yearth; howsomever, they contented
themselves by stealin' sich things as they want-
ed, from time to time. But, finally, they stole
the old family hoss, Baltimore, that had been
in the Loah family for ages, and you may bet
the blood of the family began to bile and blub-
ber. My ole granddad took his musket and
struck out, and finally ran across a savage
aboard of the ole heirloom, Baltimore; and so
he up and plugged a bullet into his system
and got the hoss back. The Shawnees, how-
ever, knew who'd sent their friend across the
Jordan, and swore vengeance on my grand-
parent."

"The ole codger dodged 'em for some time,
but at last he fell into their clutches. It war
along in June when the sap war up in the
trees, that the pioneers used to cut down big
chestnut trees and chop off 'cuts' say from
five to ten feet long. These 'cuts' they would
split in two, then by poundin' the bark a little
it would peel off whole and sound, and then
thar'd be the slickest trough in the world. All
you'd have to do would be to board up the
ends and see that it dried out just right."

"Wal, one awful hot